



# THE SKETCH

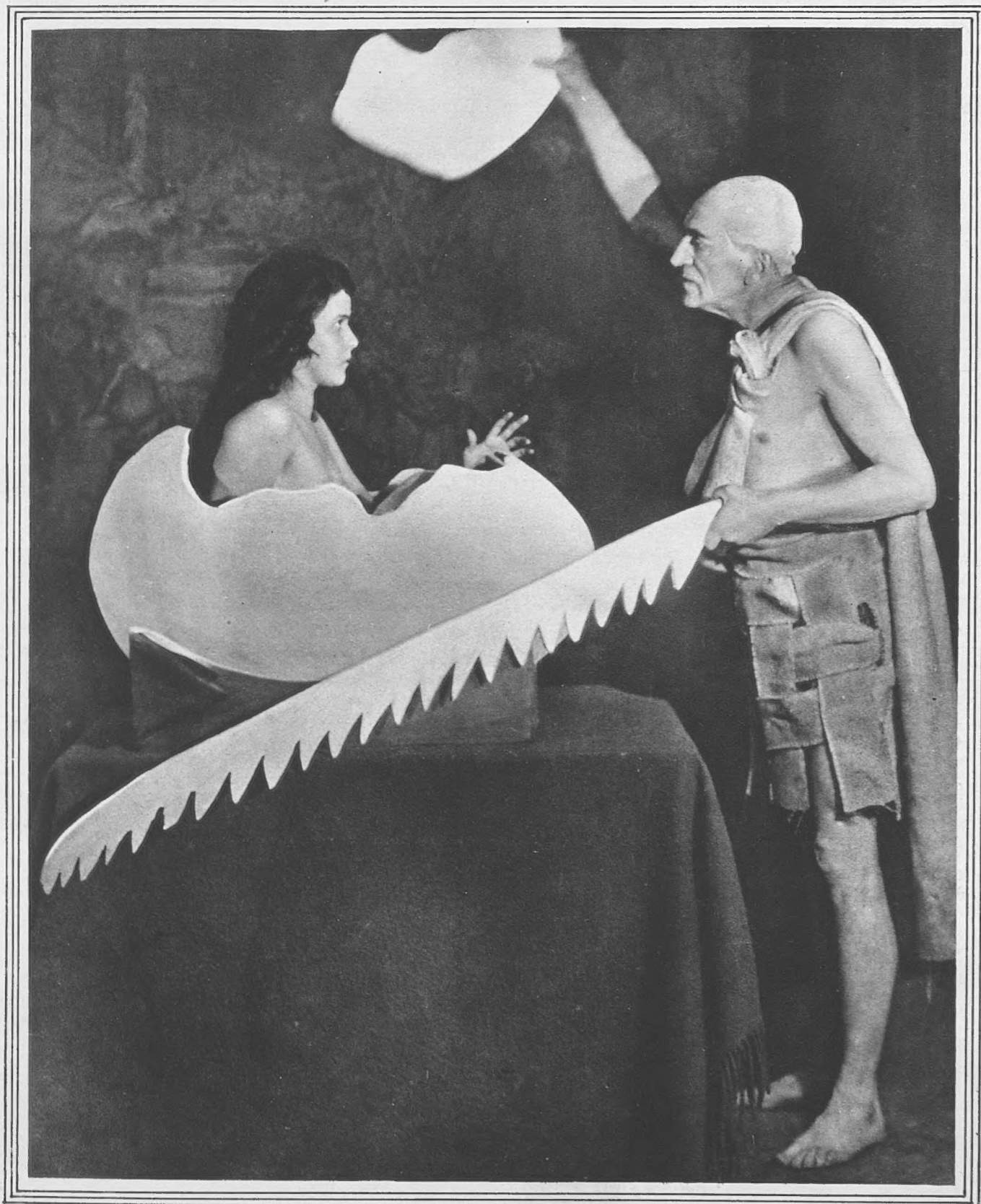


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ONE SHILLING.



**"AS FAR AS THOUGHT CAN REACH"—ACCORDING TO "G.B.S.": THE NEWLY BORN AND THE HE-ANCIENT.**

The Theatre Guild of New York has created a sensation by its production of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's strange play, "Back to Methuselah," at the Garrick Theatre, New York. This extraordinary drama is a cycle of five parts, the first of which is laid in the

Garden of Eden, the last, which is called "As Far as Thought Can Reach," being dated A.D. 31,920. The play deals with the discovery of the extension of human life through will-power and creative evolution. (Photograph by Francis Brughiere.)



# Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

## Auto-Suggestion.

There is no place in the world like London for suddenly going mad about an idea that is as old as the hills. I gather from the newspapers that a gentleman of the name of Coué is the hero of the hour because he talks fluently about auto-suggestion. The New Testament, which contains numberless instances of auto-suggestion, was written and compiled about two thousand years ago. It is read aloud, twice every Sunday, in thousands of churches. It is studied in thousands of schools and colleges. Yet M. Coué, in 1922, is hailed as the saviour of mankind because he preaches the doctrine of mind being superior to matter!

I don't know how often auto-suggestion has been treated on the stage, but as all the dramatists are now sitting down to write plays round this subject, I should like to place it on record that fifteen years ago I wrote a little play, which was produced in London, based wholly and solely on auto-suggestion. It was produced at an out-lying music-hall, but the theme proved a trifle too steep for the audiences of those days, and a run of one week was the result.

I was not surprised at its decease. Like Mr. Arnold Bennett, I refused to alter it. Even the comedian's suggestion that he and the heroine should have a terrific fight with ham-bones did not move me.

Preposterous fellows, these dramatists!

## The Fight for the Play.

The public, and even many of the critics, have no idea of the fierce battle that goes on before any play, whoever may have written it, gets to the point of a London production. With the exception of Gilbert and Sir Arthur Pinero, and possibly Mr. Shaw, I doubt if any dramatist has ever been able to get his play presented as it left his study. Managers can seldom believe that the construction of a play is an art in itself, that the drawing of characters is an art in itself, and that writing natural dialogue is an art in itself. But they would at once claim that the management of a theatre, the engagement of artists, advertising, and distributing seats on a first night are arts in themselves.

A well-constructed and well-written play is like a house of cards. Pull one card away, and down comes the whole fabric. That is a thing nobody understands except the dramatist. Over and over again it has happened that the dramatist, with minute care and extraordinary patience, has built his card-house. It is complete. It is presented—not perfect, perhaps, but as complete as skill can contrive—to a trial audience. Then somebody thinks to improve it by

pulling out a card or two, and shoving in something foreign to the structure. Down comes the whole affair, and the London first-night audience sees merely the wreckage of what the dramatist so patiently and carefully built.

## Unsympathetic Parts.

The public little realise, moreover, that it is quite possible to speak every line written by a dramatist and yet utterly to distort his meaning. This happens frequently in the case of what are called "un-

and end by refusing. And that was exactly what happened. The dear creature had written, in her own fair hand, a number of lines which she proposed to substitute for mine. Unfortunately, she had not many literary gifts, and the lines had to be read to be believed. I think we should have had a riot in the theatre!

For the sake of the play and everyone concerned, I held to my ground. She had to speak my lines, but she spoke them with an arch smile that entirely robbed them of their meaning! Which, to put it gently, confused the issue.



ZUMMURUD OF CAIRO, AT HIS MAJESTY'S:  
MISS WINNIE MELVILLE.

Miss Winnie Melville makes a charming Zummurud in "Cairo," the great spectacle drama at His Majesty's, and wears this bejewelled Oriental dress as the daughter of Ali Shar, the wrestler (Mr. Oscar Asche.)

Photograph by Mauli and Fox.

sympathetic" parts. In real life there are plenty of people who are not wholly lovable, but if you put such a person into your play you are asking for trouble. Actors and actresses who have attained a certain position in their profession are convinced that to play an unlovable character will injure them in the eyes of the public. So they squirm, and wriggle, and try to get the part altered to make it "sympathetic."

I was once asked to call upon a lady who had been engaged to play a part in one of my plays. It was an unsympathetic part, and I knew what to expect. She would begin by cajoling and end by threatening. I should begin by defending and explaining,

## Why Dramatists Die Young.

Have you ever noticed that nearly all dramatists die young? Some of them survive their first success, but only by a brief period.

The sad truth of the matter is that unless you get a sympathetic manager and a sympathetic company the theatre is not a pleasant place for the dramatist. One of our greatest and most successful dramatic authors said to me not long ago, "If my play's a failure, it's my fault. If it's a success, all the credit is due to the leading actor."

That is the kernel of the whole matter. Suppose you earned your living by eating omelettes. The more omelettes you ate and the more voraciously you ate them the more money you received and the more glamour came your way. Would you hold up your hand and say, "Don't praise me, ladies and gentlemen! I could not have eaten these omelettes at all but for the fact that the cook, who is in the kitchen out of sight, made them so delicately"? No, of course you would not. You would say, "Thanks, dear people. And, between ourselves, I had to superintend the cooking of these omelettes, or they would not have been fit to eat at all! As it is, you've no idea what a job I had to get through them!" And then the dear public, full of scorn for the clumsy cook in the kitchen, would cry, "More marvellous than ever! But why doesn't he sack the cook?" Ah! That is the eternal riddle!

## Happy Be Your Eastertide.

And so, by way of auto-suggestion and the British Drama, to thoughts of Easter, which will be here very soon after this copy of *The Sketch* reaches your hands.

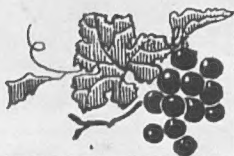
I wish you a happy, a fine, and a health-giving Easter, friend the reader. Here are some lines for the railway carriage—

*Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,  
A box where sweets compacted lie,  
My music shows ye have your closes,  
And all must die.*

*Only a sweet and virtuous soul,  
Like seasoned timber, never gives;  
But though the whole world turn to coal,  
Then chiefly lives.*



# The Wife of an Honourable and Gallant Member.



FORMERLY MISS MARY CURZON : VISCOUNTESS CURZON.

Viscountess Curzon is the beautiful wife of Captain Viscount Curzon, M.P. for the South Division of Battersea, son of the Earl of Howe, and was formerly Miss Mary Curzon. She was married in 1907, and has a son, the Hon. Edward Richard Assheton Penn Curzon, born

in 1908, and a daughter, the Hon. Georgiana Mary, who is two years younger. The announcement that Lord Curzon, who is a Captain in the Royal Volunteer Naval Reserve, has received the R.N.V.R. Officers' decoration appeared in a recent issue of the "Gazette."

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

# The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

## The Prince of Wales.

His Royal Highness is certainly teaching us geography! He was at Singapore—"The City of the Lion"—last week, the most important of the Crown Colony Straits Settlements.

I visited the island once, and have never forgotten the luxurious foliage of the forests, the contrast of the rich red laterite of the

## The Place of Sweet Lagoons.

His Royal Highness sailed for Hong Kong after witnessing a magnificent Chinese torchlight procession—indeed a glorious sight if properly carried out. It is really pronounced Hiang Kiang, and means "the place of sweet lagoons," this little possession of ours off the south-east coast of China, though when visited by the monsoon it is anything but sweet. The western coast of the island is very beautiful, with long granite ridges and deep ravines, and occasional lofty precipices overhanging the sea. According to my early childhood's diary: "The splendid capital faces the harbour where the ships are, and Hong Kong is like a dream that doesn't quite finish. Far inland all is dreary and grey. There are no trees on the hills. There are some high hills, and one very high one called the Peak has a signal station to direct the ships. I have seen some armadillos, a poisonous snake, and a land tortoise. And I have tried to eat sugar-cane, and I *did* eat two huge yams. There are three kinds of people here: Puntis, Hakkas, and Tankas. I like the Tankas best. They are the boat people. There are about four miles of Victoria (the capital) all along the sea. It is built in three layers, and the inside layer is so packed with quaint people that every street is always like a holiday. There is a tramway out to the bungalows and the Governor's residence on the Peak."

Whether *that* description still answers I know not. It was photographic to little Jane of the long pigtail and the short dresses, and the insatiable craving for writing down all she saw. Doubtless the Heir to the Throne will be shown many more wondrous things that quite escaped the observation of the child who recorded with gusto that at Hong Kong she had eaten sugar-cane and yams!

**At Canterbury.** A jolly week-end at Canterbury, and much talk of Prince Henry, who has quite won all hearts there. He is so sporting and so intensely alive, and a great asset to the country houses round about and to the hunting field. It was a bitter disappointment to him not being able to ride in the point-to-point at Sutton Valence (near Maidstone), as he had strained his knee. Colonel and Mrs. Neil Haig were there, and also at the Shorncliffe Drag point-to-point, where Colonel Haig came in a sporting third, notwithstanding a heavy toss over a water-jump. He is a cousin of Lord Haig, and has just been more or less "axed." At least, the 4th Cavalry Brigade, which he was commanding, has been abolished. He used to command the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons in India, where he first met his wife, Miss Creagh—a niece of the then Commander-in-Chief in India, General Sir O'Moore Creagh. Colonel Haig was a great polo-player, and is now devoting much time and energy to real tennis. He plays a good deal at Hatfield with Lord Salisbury, and also with Sir Hedworth Meux at Theobald's Park, Waltham.

Other keen spectators at the point-to-point were Captain and Mrs. George Meakin, and Mr. Henry Selby Lowndes (M.F.H. of the East Kent Hounds). But it was a bitterly cold day, and most people were too muffled up to recognise more than the tip of an occasional nose. And you can never be positive of *any* nose. Especially when it is being rained on and the east wind is blowing, and it is at your peril you move at all, for fear of being stepped on by the horses or kidnapped by the gipsies. Indeed, no poet would wish to be in England now that April's here, and

all my heart is certainly in Hong Kong with the armadillos! I wonder if Lord Cromer is keeping a diary about it. He writes so well that I am sure it would make a most interesting book—which reminds me that recently a printer's error peopled his house in Wimpole Street with Lord and Lady Titchfield. Actually the Cromers' house is let to Lord and Lady Lichfield, who must have been somewhat surprised to learn that the Titchfields were in residence there. But what would the dull world be without our printer's error?

**In London.** In London last week I saw Lord and Lady Temple, just back from the French Riviera, where Lady Temple has been recuperating from her serious motor accident last October. She is now completely restored to health. They have gone to Newton, their place near Bristol, and will be there till after the Easter holidays.

Lord Temple is an Honorary Major in the Somerset Regiment and a Lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards—or was. Lady Temple was Miss de Laporte, and the widow of Mr. A. Burrows before her marriage, just before the



1. Angela has now obtained a wireless radio garter (as portrayed lately in "The Sketch"), and she will be able to listen-in to the most private aerial conversations. (The best people seem to have no compunction about doing this.)

roads, and the bright green grass, and, above all, the fine botanical gardens at Tanglin. But it was very damp, and excessively hot and oppressive.

Lying as it does midway between India and China, the port, however, is one of our most valuable possessions on the direct trade route to the Far East. I expect the Prince was most interested in the forts and guns of modern type and in the great Admiralty dockyard. The strange native sailing craft interested me more, and the mosques and Chinese and Hindu temples; and it was surprising to find such a good race-course and polo-ground on the esplanade, besides several golf-courses.

One of the reasons why the English as a nation colonise so wonderfully must surely be our happy habit of turning the most remote corner of the globe into some semblance of home. At any one of the clubs at Singapore a man might imagine himself (by stretching a point to explain away the atmosphere!) in England, and the outlying hills and undulating valleys help the illusion by suggesting the scenery of the well-loved island.



2. So she takes the instrument out into the Park—but finds, alas! that the way of the pioneer is indeed prickly.

war. They have no children, so the heir to the family honours is Lord Temple's brother, Captain Chandos Temple-Gore-Langton. He used to be in the 1st Dragoon Guards, and



married the youngest daughter of the late Rev. A. L. Gore. Happily, there are two sons, so the fine sporting traditions of this West Country family will be carried on.

In London I also saw our British Minister to Switzerland, Mr. Theo Russell—or, to give



3. A huge crowd collects and grows larger and larger. . . .

him his whole name, the Hon. Theophilus Russell. He has been our Minister Plenipotentiary at Berne for nearly three years, and before that in Vienna, and has served with distinction in Rome, Athens, Petrograd (before it changed its name), Berlin, Buenos Aires, and as Private Secretary to Lord Grey, and Diplomatic Secretary (I think it was) to Sir Arthur Balfour when he was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

He is a brother of Lord Ampthill, and married, four years before the war, Countess Marie Louise Rex, a daughter of the Saxon Minister at the Austro-Hungarian Court.

Lord Ampthill is a man of many parts, and his four sons have inherited both their parents' qualities. Lady Ampthill (a sister of Lord Beauchamp) received the Order of the Crown of India when Lord Ampthill was Governor of Madras, for her splendid organisation of local charities. Lord Ampthill is one of the foremost founders of the National Party, and during his early life was President of the Oxford Union and winner of the Silver Goblets at Henley (with Mr. Guy Nickalls), having rowed in the Eton Eight and in the Oxford Eight.

Oakley House, the family seat near Bedford, is very charmingly situated in the midst of a deer park on high undulating ground—the kind of home one likes to think of our Ministers and Ambassadors returning to between their exigent periods of high office in foreign lands.

**The British National Opera.** A real May-day treat this year. The British National Opera is to begin on May 1, a two-months season, possibly even longer. But it will not be the fashionable opera of the old days. Now it is the big general public

who are insisting on their music—the threadbare clerk and the little typist and the economical artist who has starved himself to pay for his cheap seat.

There is not an important opera that will not be given at least once: two or three complete cycles of "The Ring," "The Magic Flute," "Parsifal," "The Mastersingers," "Tristan and Isolde," Offenbach's new opera, "The Goldsmith of Toledo," besides all the old favourites.

So with Princess Mary, becoming leading hostess in London, to give important functions at Chesterfield House; with the Prince of Wales returning to receive the acclamation of every patriotic heart; with music for all of us, and dozens of pretty débutantes to give dances for, and dozens of new young Guardsmen to cheer up "brighter London," the season indeed promises to be the very gayest since the war. We don't need M. Coué to repeat: "In every respect London daily grows brighter and brighter." Already the Park is full of expectancy. The houses in Mayfair and Belgravia are donning fresh coats of paint. There are important-looking gardeners fumbling with empty window-boxes. I am sure the old strips of red carpet are being brushed and made ready wherever they are kept in attics or below stairs.

**Not Too Dull.** London hasn't been too dull, though, even during Lent. There has been a good deal of entertaining in a quiet way, though not many big parties. Lady Maitland had a *thé dansant* last week, and similar entertainments have occupied a good many afternoons, and are a delightful change from the eternal bridge. Lady Maitland, who is a clever woman and a miniaturist of note, is the wife of Viscount Maitland, son of the Earl of Lauderdale. Her son, the Hon. Ian Maitland, married Miss Ethel Bell-Irving, daughter of Mr. Bell-Irving, of Makerston, Kelso.

#### On Their Way Home.

And Lord Lonsdale's yellow carriages are being exercised. He and Lady Lonsdale are already on their way home from South Africa. The Cottesmore Hunt are going to present him with a statuette of himself in hunting kit astride his favourite horse, with a hound on each side of him. Captain Adrian Jones is the successful sculptor, and Lord Lonsdale's numerous friends will be able to judge it for themselves soon, when the Royal Academy opens at Burlington House.

#### Back From B.E.A.

Lady Drogheda, I hear, thoroughly enjoyed her big-game hunting expedition to East Africa, and secured a good bag. Some twenty-three wild animals of different kinds fell to her rifle, and her "spoils" include a rhino. She bobbed her hair for the trip, and looks very well with it short. Sir Joseph Tichborne is a sportsman due back soon after Easter. He went off on his first trip to Africa just after Christmas. He is a very fine shot, and ought to have got some good heads if he had any luck. Lady Tichborne has gone over to Marseilles to meet him there. They are spending Easter at Monte Carlo, and they go down to Tichborne Park for the summer.

#### An Engagement.

Sir Albert Stern, whose engagement to Miss Helen Orr-Lewis has just been announced, is one of the richest young men in London. He is a son of Mr. James Stern, and a partner in Stern Brothers. He distinguished himself with the armoured cars during the war, and also at the Admiralty in 1915, and as Chairman of the Tank Committee, and was Director-General of the Mechanical Warfare Department after that. And he has written at least one book, is a member of the Garrick Club, and an M.A. of Christ Church, Oxford. What more can any girl want? A husband

who has brains, patriotism, youth, and the wherewithal to satisfy her every mood and tense!

Miss Orr-Lewis is the pretty younger daughter of the late Sir Frederick Orr-Lewis, and, like her sister's, her romance was staged at Cannes, where she has spent the winter, as usual, with her mother and brother.

#### Lord Ivor Churchill.

And, talking of *partis*, it will be a very lucky girl indeed who captures the heart of Lord Ivor Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough's younger son. He is brilliantly clever, with all the wonderful tact and diplomatic sensibility of his mother as well as her looks. He interrupted his studies at Oxford to work at the War Office under the late Sir John Cowans (he was not then strong or old enough to go to France), and so is back at Oxford now working for his B.A. degree, and is almost certain to take first-class honours. His maternal grandfather left him something like a million pounds; and with none of the obligations of the head of a family this really makes him very rich indeed. But, what is infinitely more important, he is blessed with one of those personalities that attract everyone with whom he comes in contact. It is hoped that he may consent to stand for Parliament soon.

#### The Belgian Crown Prince.

Prince Leopold, the elder son of the King of the Belgians, seems very young to think of marriage. But the Italian papers state "on highest authority" that the official announcement of his betrothal to Princess Yolanda, the eldest daughter of the King of Italy, is about to be made.

Prince Leopold is twenty-one, and Princess Yolanda is six months younger, and, like



4. . . . And poor Angela is arrested for creating a disturbance.

her mother, tall, dark and beautiful. Prince Leopold was educated at Eton, and during the war spent his holidays at Hackwood as the guest of Lord Curzon of Kedleston with his younger brother, Prince Charles, and little Princess José.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

## A Cabaret Becomes Pussyfoot! "Round in 50."



### BEFORE AND AFTER A DOSE OF POLICE: THE CABARET IN SAN FRANCISCO BEFORE AND AFTER A RAID!

One of the most amusing scenes in "Round in Fifty," the new London Hippodrome revue, is set in a cabaret in San Francisco. The curtain rises on a scene of revelry. Dancing, drinking, and gaming are all in progress to the strains of a ragtime band; but when warning of a police raid is received, the scenery is transformed, the decorations of the

room metamorphosed, and the costumes of the company changed, with the result that the cabaret becomes an earnest Pussyfoot meeting, which is being addressed by Harold (Mr. George Robey), who is seen on the left of our lower photograph. The police are shown in the centre, looking at the sober and respectable scene in surprise.

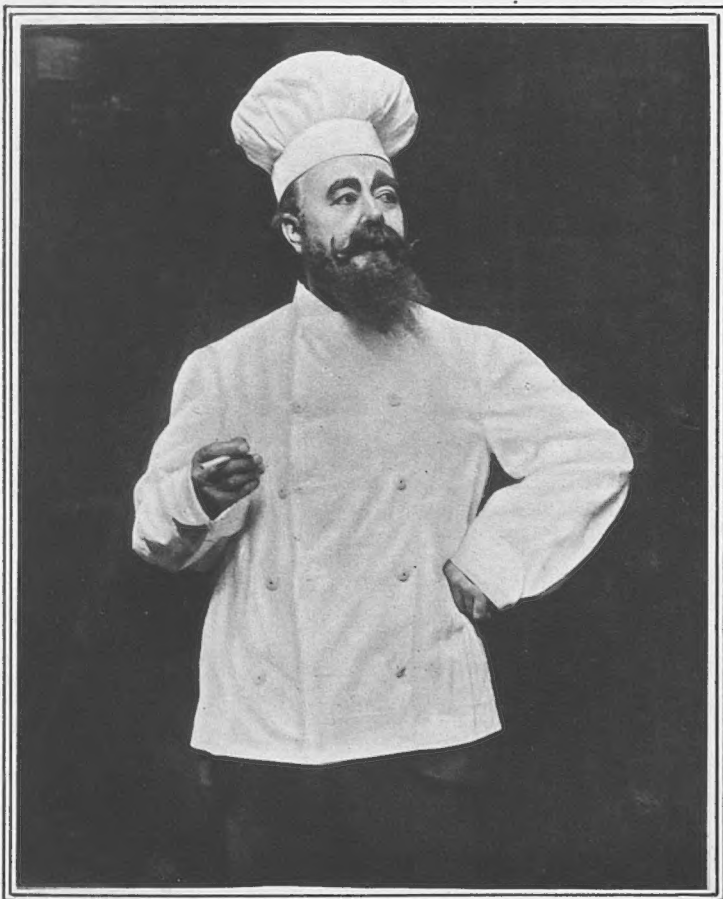
Photograph by Stage Photo Co.



# "Harold"—and Tea Leaves: "Round in 50."

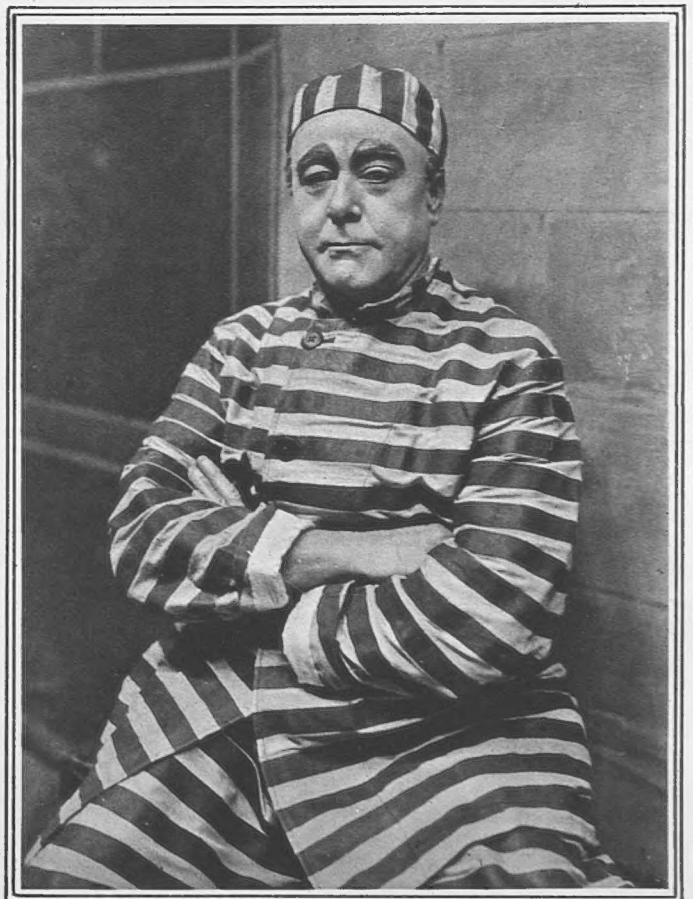


REMINISCENT OF AN AUBREY BEARDSLEY DRAWING: "THE ROMANCE OF THE TEA LEAVES" BALLET.



AS "CHESTER, THE CHEF," PAINTED BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN:  
MR. GEORGE ROBey.

Mr. George Robey as Harold of "Round in Fifty," at the London Hippodrome, has plenty of scope for the display of his rich humour. He makes his first appearance as Chester, the original of Sir William Orpen's much-admired Academy picture of last year, and after numbers of adventures, finds himself obliged to sample the much-discussed



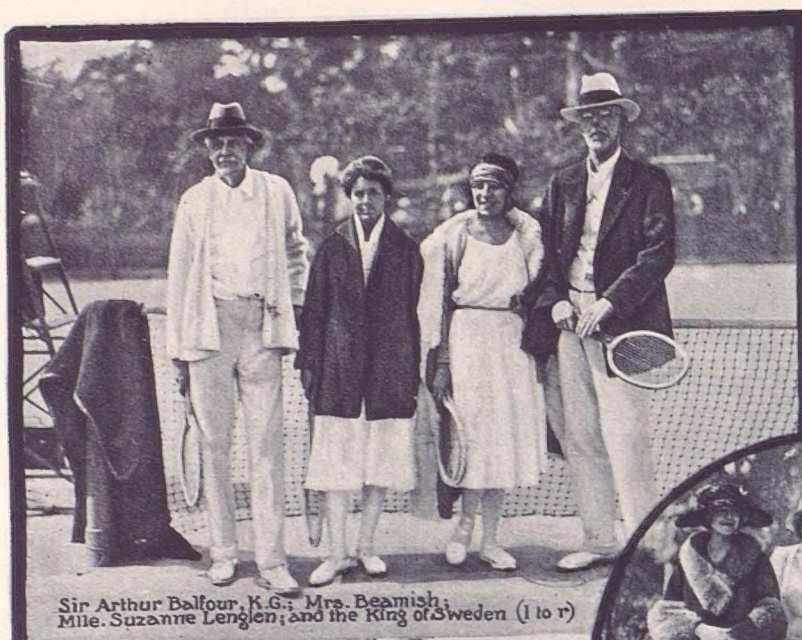
SINGING A SONG OF SING-SING: HAROLD (MR. GEORGE ROBey)  
GETS INTO TROUBLE IN THE U.S.A.

American prison, and is able to tell us all about it in a "Song of Sing-Sing." Our upper photograph illustrates a particularly fascinating number, "The Romance of the Tea Leaves." The *décor* for the ballet and the costumes of the performers are carried out in black and white, so the scene has the effect of an Aubrey Beardsley drawing come to life.

*Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.*



# King Gustav and Lenglen v. "A.J.B" and Mrs. Beamish.



Sir Arthur Balfour, K.G.; Mrs. Beamish;  
Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen; and the King of Sweden (l to r)



The Rajah of Pudukola (left),  
Lady Rocksavage and a friend.



The Ranees of  
Pudukola;  
Miss Mayes;  
& Miss  
Orr-Lewis  
(l to r)



Lady Glentanar & Mrs. Adams (r).



Mlle Suzanne Lenglen and "Sem",  
the famous caricaturist.



Mrs.  
Floresco.



Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen and her griffon Gyp



Sir Stephenson Kent; Miss Ryan; Lady Smiley  
and Mr. Miles (l to r)

## LAWN-TENNIS AT CANNES; ROYALTY AND OTHER DISTINGUISHED FOLK.

The lawn-tennis match in which the King of Sweden and Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen played Sir Arthur Balfour, K.G., and Mrs. Beamish was one of the notable events at the Beau Site Courts, at Cannes, this year. King

Gustav V. and his brilliant partner won the match, which was watched by a large crowd. Our page shows the distinguished four, and also gives snapshots of other well-known Riviera visitors.

Photographs by Le Noir.



# The Ousting of the Osprey: Be-Ribboned Hats.



WORN BY MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI: A NAVY-BLUE PETERSHAM  
RIBBON MODEL.



IN ONE OF THE NEW RED HATS WITH A TOWERING  
RIBBON BOW: MISS JOAN MACLEAN.



WEARING A BLACK VARNISHED STRAW MODEL ADORNED WITH  
A FOLD OF WIDE SATIN RIBBON: MISS HEATHER THATCHER.



HER TOQUE OF GERANIUM-RED FAILLE RIBBON AND  
SEALING-WAX: MISS HEATHER THATCHER.

The fact that the Plumage Bill has now become law has had the effect of making ribbon the favourite hat-adornment of the moment; although, where large hats are concerned, ostrich feathers are also extremely fashionable. These do not come under the ban of the new Plumage Laws. Our photographs illustrate the fascination of ribbon as a trimming. It may form a "chic" "tailor-made" model such as

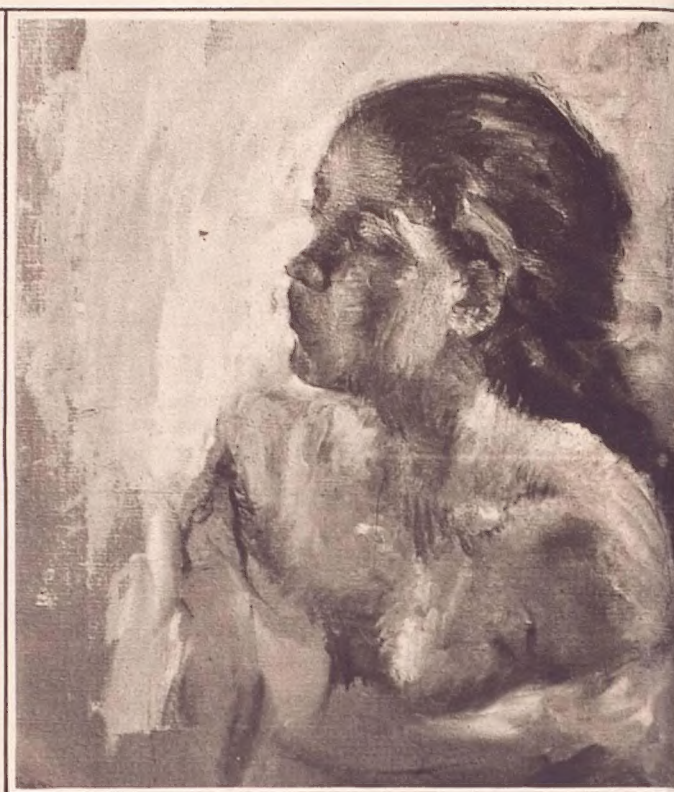
Miss Meggie Albanesi wears; an original hat after the style of the model with a tagel straw brim and towering bow which Miss Joan Maclean favours; a picturesque hat such as Miss Heather Thatcher's black straw, with its swathe of satin ribbon; or, in partnership with sealing-wax, narrow faille ribbon may make the fascinating toque in which we have also photographed Miss Thatcher.



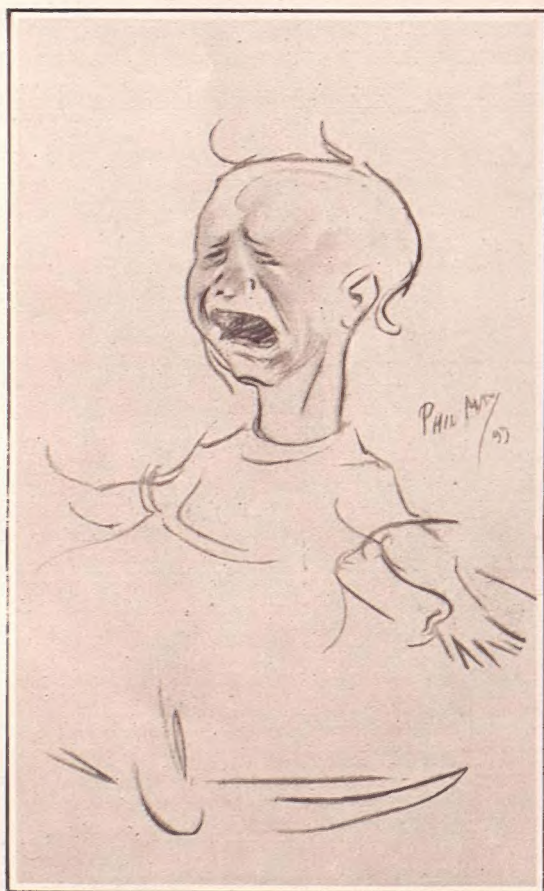
# COCHRAN. TREASURES THAT ARE ABOVE CRITICISM!



AN EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE LATE CLAUD LOVAT FRASER: A DRAWING BY THE STAGE DESIGNER OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA."



THE WORK OF A GREAT FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST: "LOUISE," A PAINTING IN OILS BY DEGAS.



A CHARACTERISTIC DRAWING BY A FAMOUS ENGLISH COMIC ARTIST: "THE CHORISTER," BY PHIL MAY.



BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE: A DRAWING OF MRS. C. B. COCHRAN.



AN UNUSUAL AUBREY BEARDSLEY DRAWING: MISS ELLEN TERRY.

Mr. Charles B. Cochran is not only one of the foremost figures in the theatrical world, where his productions have won him a great name for their originality, their sumptuousness, and their success, but he is also the owner of a unique collection of paintings and *objets d'art*, many of which have been presented to him by famous artists. Our pages show a few of the paintings and drawings in his possession, and in a later issue we shall publish reproductions of Mr. Cochran's collection of pictures by Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec—an artist who is little known in this country. Mr. Claud Lovat Fraser, the well-known artist, whose stage designs and Chap-book illustrations were of such excellence, died last year. Degas, the French Impressionist artist, had a close connection with the stage, as his best-known subjects were ballet girls. M. Sacha Guitry, the brilliant

Photographs from the paintings and drawings of the artist



# GEMS FROM A MANAGER'S FINE COLLECTION.



PRESENTED TO MR. COCHRAN BY THE ACTOR-ARTIST:  
M. LUCIEN GUITRY; BY HIS SON, SACHA GUITRY.

ONE OF THE GEMS OF THE COLLECTION:  
A DRAWING BY BOUCHER.



EMILE ZOLA, THE GREAT FRENCH  
NOVELIST: BY AUBREY BEARDSLEY.



BY MR. EDMUND DULAC: THE DESIGN FOR MR. ROBERT  
LORAIN'S CYRANO DE BERGERAC COSTUME.



SPECIALLY PAINTED FOR MRS. COCHRAN BY POULBOT:  
A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THE ARTIST'S WORK.

young actor-playwright, and son of M. Lucien Guitry, is a clever artist and caricaturist, and presented Mr. Cochran with the portrait of his father. It will be remembered that the Guitry Trio—Lucien, Sacha, and Yvonne Printemps (Mme. Sacha)—appeared in London, at the Aldwych, in 1920, under the Cochran aegis. M. Jean Gabriel Domergue is one of the most fashionable Continental portrait-painters of the day. The drawings by the artist Aubrey Beardsley are of special interest, as they are not of the familiar "Beardsley" style. The artist and Mr. Cochran were school-fellows. Mr. Edmund Dulac presented his design for the costume worn by Mr. Robert Loraine in the English production of "Cyrano de Bergerac," in 1919, to Mr. Cochran as a souvenir. Poulbot is the French artist who created "Les Gosses dans les Ruines."





## The Clubman. By Beveren.

### Not So Much Mid-Week Golf.

Except for those who are very well-off, golf for the ordinary amateur player is becoming more and more a week-end game. James Braid said as much to me the last time I was at Walton Heath; and at St. George's Hill I heard a similar remark a few days ago. Two years ago enough players turned up regularly on week-days at this beautiful Surrey course for jobs to be found for forty caddies. Now it is only on Saturdays and Sundays that caddies are required in any number.

The average City or professional man finds that business no longer comes to him; he has to look for it, or be on the spot waiting for it. Consequently he does not so often slip away for an afternoon round in mid-week. Also more golfers are doing without caddies, although my own experience has been that saving on caddies usually means more money spent on balls.

### Too Many Club Matches.

More play at week-ends means added congestion on Saturdays and Sundays. Which helps to explain why Addington are planning another eighteen-hole course on the opposite side of the road; why Sunningdale is also to possess two full courses; why a first-class course will be a chief feature of the swagger country club which is to come into being at Virginia Water.

It is because of this congestion that the Sunningdale Club now permits three-ball and four-ball matches to be played on Sundays. The argument is: so many players crowd the course that three-ball and four-ball games cannot make the general progress to the eighteenth hole appreciably slower; at the same time more members are able to get in a round. At Walton Heath, of course, there has never been an embargo on the "four-ballers."

But the increased play at week-ends has caused one grievance to make itself heard. At more than one well-known club, the common or garden handicap player, who pays a large subscription and looks forward to his game on Saturdays, is grumbling that too many club matches are being played. They interfere with his own modest game. He finds that it is "bad form" for him to strike off from the first tee about the time the "cracks" want to begin; if he does so he usually hurries his game, plays more erratically than usual, and holds up the club match players. He finds that the best caddies are reserved for the club matches. Sometimes he reflects sourly that the players chosen to represent the respective clubs are usually men who get a lot of golf; that is how they have developed their skill. Besides, golf is not a team game, like cricket and football. Few members are interested in the results of club matches beyond the actual players. And, in the nature of things, it is the same eight or ten or twelve players who are chosen, match after match, to appear for a club.

### Politeness That Did Not Pay.

One middle-handicap player spoke very wrathfully to me about his experience when one of the club matches was played over his own course. He and another Saturday

afternoon golfer found when they started their round that the representatives of the two clubs had decided to make the "foursomes" into "four-ball foursomes." They gave the four in front of them a long start, but the "four-ballers" putted most painstakingly, and for four holes the couple behind had to wait before playing every shot.

Then came a short hole, and then the plus players, who had already played their tee shots, invited them through.

Now, this is the point of the middle-handicap man's grievance. The next tee was very close to the putting-green of the short hole. Out of decent feeling, he and his opponent waited before making their next drives until the "four-ballers" had holed out. They did not want to disturb them when they were putting. Then, with

driving very straight and we were in no danger.

I think my friend had a clear cause for complaint. Courtesy is the essence of golf etiquette; and if the plus players do not exercise it, how can one reprimand the many beginners who err through lack of knowledge?

### The Good Looking Man.

I suppose that, when all is said and done, despite our age-long traditions and our unwritten caste law, and our numerous divisions of classes, we are still the simplest-living race of the civilised world. I once heard it put this way by the Italian manager of one of the biggest London hotels: "If the Duke of Connaught or one of the Royal Princes comes to the hotel and you are presented, it is a hundred to one that he will shake hands with you. But if a leading member of the New York Four Hundred is staying at the hotel, you are not supposed to see her direct. She only communicates with you through a third person."

And yet, the week of this last Boat Race, I heard of an American lady and her daughter staying at one of the leading West End hotels, and their naïveté and their way of doing things astonished even me. Two days before the race the American lady had occasion to consult an English solicitor. He had tea with mother and daughter, talk turned to the Boat Race, and the daughter said she would love to go, and would go if she had a man to take her. But he must be a good-looking man.

The solicitor, thinking her to be in joking mood, replied in the same vein, said he must find a really good-looking man, and went away thinking no more about the matter. But the young lady was quite serious. On the morning of the race his clerk had to take down, verbatim, a long message which indicated that the American Miss had made her own arrangements for going to the race. And the final part of the communication read, "The services of the gentleman obtained by Mr. — will therefore not be required."

### The Play That Was Too Long.

Mr. Fred Thompson, writer of musical plays—a little while ago he used to be the inevitable Fred Thompson—and Mr. Nat Ayer, composer of "The Bing Boys," were telling stories the other evening.

Fred Thompson told one of two theatrical producers, brothers. One of them, not noted for his literary gifts, was listening to the rehearsal of a revue in which the name of Omar Khayyam kept cropping up. He heard one actor say "Omar Khayyam" several times, and stopped the rehearsal. "Look here," he said, "you don't know your geography. You should say, 'Omar of Khayyam.'"

The actor accepted the hint and went on talking of "Omar of Khayyam."

By-and-by in came the author, who listened, and said to the producer—"That actor's wrong talking about Omar of Khayyam. It should be Omar Khayyam. I'll tell him."

"Leave him to me," responded the producer. "I had to speak to him a few moments ago. Leave him to me."

And this is what he told the actor next time the actor said "Omar of Khayyam": "Look here! This show's too long already. Cut out that 'of.'"



THE MOST FAMOUS CHILD CINEMA-ACTOR AND A DISTINGUISHED FRIEND: M. HEIFETZ, THE VIOLINIST (LEFT) AND JACKIE COOGAN.

M. Heifetz, the well-known violinist, recently paid a call on Jackie Coogan, the great child cinema actor who appeared with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." Our photograph shows M. Heifetz (on the left) and a friend "chairing" Jackie.

Photograph by Elsie Codd.

the crack players walking up to the tee, they drove. Owing to the wait, they hurried their shots, and both drives were pushed out. One ball was just in the fairway; the other was a yard in the rough. Before they could even reach their balls, two of the four-ballers drove off—straight drives, it is true, but the two players had been given no chance of playing their second shots.

"I think it was the absolute limit," complained my friend. "We had done them the courtesy of waiting while they putted, and their return was to send balls hurtling through the air, not worrying whether that was likely to disturb our succeeding shots. To make it worse, the excuse of one of them was that they were all four



In former days, men used to 'get out of' trains.



But nowadays, they 'alight'!



Time was when men wore 'collars'



But now, we have 'neckwear'



It used to be the custom for a band to 'play' dance music.



But to-day, they 'feature' it!



D'EGVILLE

"HERE YOU ARE THEN!"

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

# SOCIETY AS OLD MASTERS POSED BY A



VELASQUEZ' "LAS MENINAS": A GROUP INCLUDING GENERAL SIR W. S. BRANCKER, MISS VIRGINIA BYRNE, MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN, MISS MARCELLA DUGGAN (L. TO R.); AND ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, LADY ALETHEA BUXTON—NEXT THE CHILD WEARING A MASK BY LADY LAVERY.



"THE MIRROR OF VENUS," BY. BURNE-JONES: WATSON, MISS FELICITY LOCKER-LAMPSON, MISS HAZEL GOLDMAN, MISS



"POVERTY": MISS ZITA JUNGMAN, DAUGHTER OF MRS. RICHARD GUINNESS.



"THE ORDER OF RELEASE," BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS: MR. VAUGHAN MORG, MR. NORMAN BOHEN, LADY EVELYN AND MISS SHEILA GRAHAM.

Mrs. Austen Chamberlain is to be congratulated on the success of the special matinée which she arranged at the Court Theatre last week in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. The tableaux-vivants from various works by Old Masters, Pre-Raphaelite and Victorian artists, were beautifully posed by Mr. Ambrose McEvoy, the portrait-painter. Our pages show some of the groups. Lady Diana and Lady Phyllis King are the two unmarried daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace; and Lady Evelyn Graham, who appeared with her little girl of three, Miss Sheila Graham, is their married daughter. Lady Lavery is the beautiful wife of Sir John Lavery, R.A., and appeared in several tableaux. She also



# MODERN ARTIST: TABLEAUX AT THE COURT.



BARBARA VILLIERS, MISS AMY BEVAN, MISS HELEN MONCHEUR, LADY PHYLLIS KING, LADY DIANA KING, SMITH, AND MISS TORA VILLIERS.



"THE EMPRESS EUGENIE," BY WINTERHALTER: (BACK ROW, L. TO R.) LADY GWENDOLEN CHURCHILL, LADY DIANA COOPER, THE HON. MRS. HENRY McLAREN, MRS. HARRINGTON MANN, AND THE HON. MRS. F. McLAREN. (FRONT ROW, L. TO R.) MISS VIRGINIA BYRNE, MRS. JOWETT, AND LADY LAVERY.



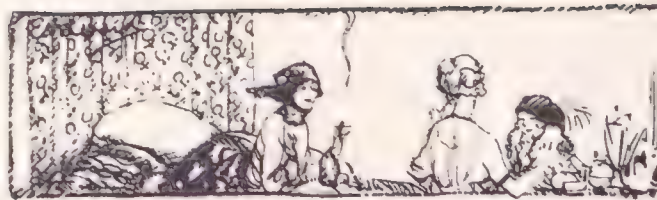
"LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE," BY ROMNEY: LADY LAVERY.



AS A SIR PETER LELY PORTRAIT: LADY DIANA COOPER.

Painted the mask worn by the child in "Las Meninas." Miss Marcella Duggan is the daughter of Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, who was formerly Mrs. Alfred Duggan. Lady Alethea Buxton is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Buxton, and was born in 1910. Miss Diane Chamberlain is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain. Mlle. Moncheur is the daughter of the Belgian Ambassador; the Hon. Mrs. Henry McLaren is the wife of Lord Aberconway's only surviving son, and the Hon. Mrs. Francis McLaren was formerly Miss Barbara Jekyll. Lady Diana Duff Cooper, the lovely daughter of the Duke of Rutland, appeared in several of the tableaux.—[Photographs by C.N., Topical, and Personality.]





# Tales with a sting.

## THE STRAIGHT AND THE CROOKED ROAD.

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

PARIS was enjoying herself this early spring in various playgrounds, the most popular one of the moment being the new lounge, *Chez Flicquet*, devoted to the cult of the cocktail, where between six and seven o'clock could be found the great ladies of the big world and the little ladies of the half-world, together with the cream of cosmopolitan men.

For Flicquet had a subtle knack of his own in controlling his *clientèle*, and it somehow happened that only social constellations shone at this particular rendezvous, while the lesser stars had to glimmer elsewhere.

It was a *cachet* to be seen in the new Martini Salon before dinner.

On a March afternoon the room was very full, and Peter Frennel had difficulty in finding an unoccupied table where he could take his vermouth.

He looked round contentedly, enjoying the atmosphere of the place after a hard day at his bank.

There was something both soothing and piquant about the twilight-grey walls and carpets of the lounge, with the sudden vivid flashes of tango and jade in curtain and cushions, the whole illuminated by a subdued amber radiance from an invisible source above. The place suggested pleasant languor overcome by emotions that gave zest to the evening ahead. Frennel himself had worked steadily through his apprenticeship to a British bank and Parisian society, and was now sufficiently well known to be qualified for a grave salute from Flicquet himself when he passed in.

It was a gala evening for Frennel, because on that day his ten years' service as an enforced bachelor ended, and he was free to marry and still retain his post, with an increase of salary and a flat over the bank to facilitate his "Benediction."

In spite of his normally calm exterior he was conscious of an inward excitement. He had thrown over—ten years before—a girl to whom he was attached, and who worshipped him, because their engagement would have hampered his career. Now his reward had come. The career was an accomplished fact, and Stella merely a memory that carried with it self-congratulation on his foresight in leaving her.

He was drinking to his own success and future as he raised his Turin to his lips and sipped it.

It was at this instant that a group near him dispersed and made a space through which his vision travelled to a little table as solitary as his own.

The woman toying with a Dubonnet had been the cynosure of every eye since she entered, though men were watching her covertly, while other women took stock of her with careless impertinence. She was fair and slim and *chic*, so beautifully dressed that it took a few moments to realise the perfection of her clothes and of the way she wore them.

But she was alone, and a new-comer to Flicquet's—an anomaly, therefore, a mystery that intrigued the onlookers.

"*D'où vient-elle?*" murmured a rising young poet whose *vers libre* had proved his passport to the inner circle of those who count.

"*Sais-pas,*" replied his companion, the wife of an American Attaché, shrugging her pretty shoulders indifferently. "She is English, anyway!"

"Impossible!" he protested. "*Trop spirituelle!*"

Nevertheless, the enigma was English, for, as the London writer, who was a feature of the Salon, passed she addressed him in his own tongue, with the accent and inflection of a compatriot. Frennel, gazing at her, feeling a magnetic attraction that he could not account for, became aware that there was something elusively familiar about the turn of her head, the droop of her eyelashes, the little tricks of gesture with her hands.

And suddenly, when she lifted misty blue eyes and looked straight across the room at him, while her lips curved in a slow smile, he knew her.

It was Stella! Stella of the old Chiswick days, but glorified and transformed from the girl chrysalis to a radiant butterfly.

He rose and walked slowly past her table, deliberately brushing her fur stole from the back of the opposite chair and stooping to pick it up.

"*Mille pardons, Mademoiselle,*" he said.

"*Pas de quoi, Monsieur!*" she answered gaily, and the voice was Stella's, though the speech was that of Paris.

"You have forgotten me," he declared reproachfully.

"*Pas du tout,*" she replied, still more gaily.

"I knew you, Phil, before you recognised me."

He sat down at her table with the feeling strong upon him that Fate had brought them both there so that the last act of their romance should begin.

"When did you leave Chiswick?" he demanded.

"Ten years ago to-morrow," she said softly.

He thought back a moment.

"The very day we agreed to part," he commented.

She lifted her eyebrows at the hiatus.

"A tactful way of putting it," she observed.

"Yes—the very day!"

"Why and how?"

"I could not stay where I was—not for an hour!" she answered. "It had been dull enough teaching those children and companioning their mother before—it would have been insupportable after!"

"You came straight over here?"

"There were two roads before me—a straight and a crooked one," she said, smiling. "Guess which I chose."

He looked at her intently.

"Tell me," he demanded, and the vibration in his tone was one of keen and throbbing interest.

"I found a place at a registry office that afternoon—to teach English to two Italian girls whose father had an official post here. They made a friend of me, and when they married and their father died he left me independent. Fate relented to me after taking you away, you see."

"And you live—?"

"In Paris when I am not travelling."

He smiled at the parry.

"Your address?" he persisted.

"You want to call on me?" she queried, in assumed surprise.

"I want—" he began, and stopped, startled at the admission he was mentally making.

For the old glamour that had kept him vacillating near her for months in the long ago, and had almost conquered him then, was triumphantly reasserting its power.

He realised with exultation that he wanted Stella for his own; that his pulses were "leaping to meet her"; that in all his years of Paris life no woman had been so provocative

or seemed so desirable as this wonderful second edition of his first love.

There was passion in his glance, and in the break of his sentence; he pulled his chair nearer to hers round the little table and leant closer.

"Ten years is a long time," she said under her breath. "Are you married, Phil?"

"No—not yet."

"Just going to be?"

"I hope so."

"Your future is on the knees of the gods? Or have you found the right woman at last?"

"I have found the right woman again—at last."

There was no mistaking his meaning. A new impetuosity had come to him; he was reckless.

"That day," she went on, "I was burning with grief and despair and humiliation, and you were quite cool and calm. Do you remember? And now—we have changed places."

A little crowd of people was surging round them. For the moment they were shut into their corner, invisible to the rest of the room.

She stretched out both hands to him. "Feel," she murmured, and there was mischievous mockery in her eyes. "My temperature is quite normal."

He caught her fingers in his eagerly; they had always been small and soft and cool, but they were delicately beautiful now in their cared-for shapeliness, and a jewel set in platinum gleamed on her left hand.

She let them remain passively in his for an instant, and then, with a swift, well-remembered gesture, released them and dipped them into his waistcoat pockets.

"Are you rich or poor to-day, Phil?" she questioned, and he recalled the little playful trick and words of the old days, and how she sometimes followed it up by jingling the silver that she found, and saying, "Oh, you've got heaps of money; plenty to be married on!"

"I am rich," he said passionately, "because I have found you."

The people near had passed on, and they were once more in the public eye.

Stella began demurely to draw on her gloves, and Frennel, watching her, said with emphatic quietness, "I shall take you home."

She made a little negative grimace. "Not to-day," she said, "because—do you see that tall, dark man entering over there?"

He followed the direction of her glance.

"Well?" he asked impatiently.

"He has come to fetch me," she answered; "we are almost inseparable. He is old-fashioned enough to go about with his *légitime*; you must meet him some day—my big husband!"

There was a long silence. Fate had dealt the buffet very neatly, and Frennel was stunned for a fraction of time.

"What is his name?" he asked, trying to keep his voice level.

"The Marquis di San Sebar. He is Italian. I met him at my people's house."

She rose, giving him a nod of farewell, and a long, expressive look from under her eyelashes, and began to move away.

Frennel took a quick step after her. "I must see you again," he said vehemently.

"I will send you a little note perhaps—to your bank," she answered. "Au revoir—or perhaps good-bye, *mon ami*."

He saw her join the man, and they passed out together. But he did not see the quick

(Continued on page xix.)



This Week's Studdy.



THE TREASURE.

SPECIALY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.



## An Ideal Diana of the Crossways.



TO BE RELEASED IN MAY: MISS FAY COMPTON IN THE FILM OF MEREDITH'S FAMOUS NOVEL.

Miss Fay Compton is taking the name-part in the screen version of "Diana of the Crossways," George Meredith's famous novel, which has been filmed by Denison Clift for the Ideal Films, Ltd. The scene shown in our photograph was made at Burnham Beeches, and gives a remarkably beautiful picture effect of golden sunlight and shadow. Miss

Fay Compton's performance as Diana promises to be one of the finest pieces of film work she has yet done, and special interest is added to the reel by the fact that Mr. William Meredith, son of the novelist, has arranged for the original "Crossways" in Surrey to be photographed for the film.—[Photograph by Ideal Films, Ltd.]



## The World's Sweetheart and Her Easter Egg.



SOON TO APPEAR IN "LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY": MISS MARY PICKFORD.

Miss Mary Pickford wishes all the world a happy Easter, and has, herself, been preparing for the Festival of Spring by painting an Easter Egg, which she will no doubt present to "Doug."! The World's Sweetheart, as the most famous cinema actress is always called, will shortly be seen

in the Allied Artists' film version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in which she "doubles," the rôle of the baby peer and "Dearest," his mother. Her well-known genius for child parts renders this new film one of the most successful she has ever undertaken.



## THE MEMSAHIB OF "THE WHEEL."







## RUTH DANGAN, OF THE APOLLO: MISS PHYLLIS NEILSON - TERRY.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry's performance as Ruth Dangan, the heroine of "The Wheel," Mr. J. B. Fagan's successful drama now running at the Apollo, is an exceptionally fine piece of work. The magic of her acting lifts an ordinary, well-constructed "eternal

triangle" drama into the realms of romantic story, and transforms the Menckin's unhappy love affair into an episode of infinite pity, tenderness, and beauty. Miss Neilson-Terry is the daughter of Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson).

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. A. V. 100, EXCITING TO "THE SKETCH"



## Daughter of a Mining Expert.



### THE ELDER OF TWO CHARMING SISTERS : MISS PAMELA REDMAYNE.

Miss Pamela Redmayne is the elder daughter of Sir Richard Redmayne, K.C.B., etc., the well-known mining expert, who was H.M. Chief Inspector of Mines from 1908-1920, and rendered such important services to the Government in connection with the mining industry. Sir Richard Redmayne has two sons—Mr. John Marriner Redmayne and Mr. Richard

Robey Redmayne, born respectively in 1904 and 1905; and two daughters, of whom the elder is Miss Pamela May Rose Redmayne, whose portrait by Mr. Leo Klin appears on this page. Lady Redmayne, who was married in 1898, is a daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Picton Richards, of Swansea.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.



## A Bride of This Year.



THE ONLY CHILD OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF LINDSEY: LADY MURIEL LIDDELL-GRAINER.

Lady Muriel Liddell-Grainger is the only child of the Earl and Countess of Lindsey, and the wife of Captain H. H. Liddell-Grainger, of Ayton Castle, Berwickshire. It will be remembered that her

marriage took place on January 20. Lady Muriel, who is tall and graceful, is a keen sportswoman and is very fond of outdoor life, and devoted to all kinds of animals, especially dogs.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT.



## "It's Heavenly!"



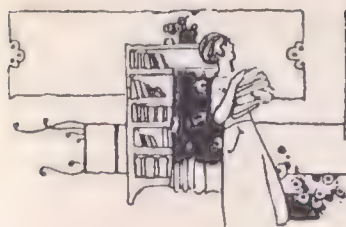
### A LIQUEUR IN "ROUND IN FIFTY": "CRÈME DE CIEL."

The Brindisi scene in "Round in Fifty," the new Hippodrome revue, introduces a fascinating vocal ballet, in which Miss Liliane Gilbert takes

the name-part and is supported by a bevy of liqueur chorus ladies, who include this charming cordial named "Crème de Ciel."

*Photograph by Stage Photo Co.*





## The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

### The Author at Home.

If you want to know what an author is like in his home life—in this case, it is true, he happened to be a poet, which means an intensified kind of author—I advise

self, and it is absurd to suppose that one author is going to make an intimate study of another author. Hence the few true pictures of authors in our literature. How many could you name offhand?

There are several arguments against any ordinary girl marrying an author. To begin with, the unfortunate fellow never goes to an office. Anybody can live happily with a man who gets up at eight, catches a train at nine-fifteen, comes back at six-thirty, and goes to bed at ten. That is the usual married life, and the wives of authors who read about it will sigh with envy.

Contrast the life of the author with that of the man of business. To begin with, the author gets up when he chooses. It may be six, it may be eleven, it may be three o'clock in the afternoon. I have even heard of authors who stay in bed all day and get up when the rest of the household is going to bed. How could you expect any methodical young girl from Putney to deal with that sort of thing?

### His Method of Work.

But supposing, by some lucky chance, he is up. Let us imagine him to be bathed, shaved, and dressed. He may breakfast or he may not. What then? Does he retire to his study like a sensible fellow, and shut the door, and take out his manuscript, and get on with the play, or the novel, or the short story where he left it? Not likely! He'll find a thousand excuses for keeping away from the study. He'll mow the lawn, or clip the roses, or fiddle with the car, or stroll down to the village for tobacco—anything rather than shut himself up in that miserable study with those puppets of his that must be lashed into life before they will move a step or utter a word.

This is not laziness. You might call it study-fright. Just as an actor will tremble

all over before he makes his first entrance on the stage, so does the author shrink from sitting down to his desk. Both are seized with daily terror lest they should fail to do justice to the work in hand.

And so the morning slips away, and the young wife who knows nothing of authors says, "Oh, well, darling, if you're not going to work, you might as well get the car out and run me into the town to do my shopping." She means well, but, of course, she is dead wrong. Her proper course is to see that the house is perfectly quiet—oh, difficult feat!—and then go out herself, leaving him entirely alone. In ten minutes he will drift towards the study; in another ten he will have filled his pipe and got it going; in half-an-hour a team of horses would not drag him from his table until fatigue or hunger warns him that he has done enough.

**And of Play.** He rises from the table a changed man. Whatever else may happen during the day is of no consequence whatever. His work is done. It is there on paper. It is accomplished. It is out of his system. He is free to do as he likes for the rest of the day without feeling a skunk, and a waster, and a person whose career is finished.

The young wife is amazed at his revulsion of feeling. He wants to throw her up to the ceiling. He wants to do something wild—dash out to lunch, ring up their dearest friends fifty miles away and make them come to dinner—all sorts of things! But she checks him down. "Don't be absurd, darling. We can't go out to lunch because it's all ready here, and we can't ask anyone to dinner because I haven't made preparations." As it that mattered!

You begin to see, I hope, that it is only the very exceptional girl who can hope to



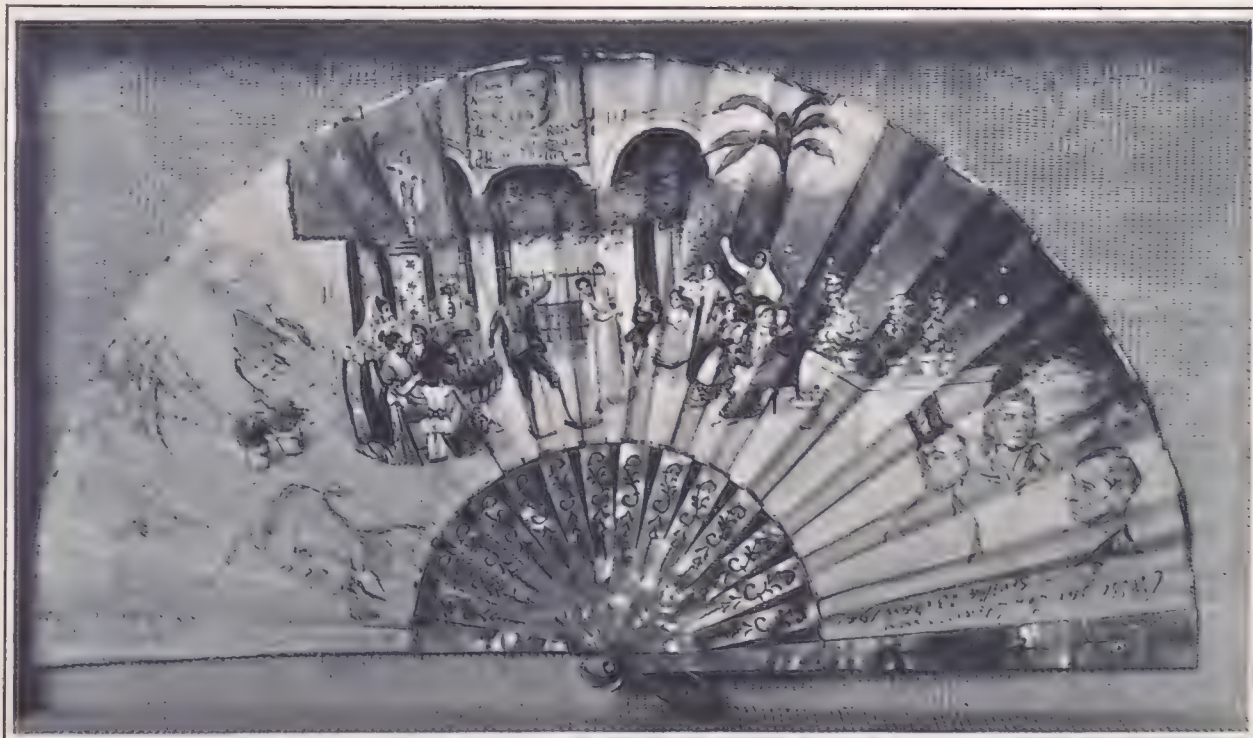
NOW IN THE COCHRAN COLLECTION: THE SILVER CUP PRESENTED TO CHARLES JOHN KEAN, THE FAMOUS ACTOR, IN 1862.

This silver cup is now in Mr. Charles B. Cochran's collection of pictures and *objets d'art*, which is further illustrated on other pages of "The Sketch." The inscription reads: "Presented to Charles John Kean, F.S.A., by many of his fellow Etonians, together with numerous friends and admirers among the public, as a tribute to the genius of a great actor, and in recognition of his unremitting efforts to improve the tone and elevate the character of the British Stage. March 22, 1862." Charles Kean, the famous Shakespearean actor, who was born in 1811, was the son of Edmund Kean.

(See Double-page.) Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. C. B. Cochran.

you to buy, read, mark, and study "The Home Life of Swinburne," by Clara Watts-Dunton.

Many people have tried to describe in writing the sort of person an author is in private life, but few have succeeded; and, as it seems to me, for this reason: The only person who really understands an author is an author. But no author understands him-



A FAN ILLUSTRATED WITH SKETCHES OF SPANISH DANCERS AND PORTRAITS OF STRAVINSKY, DIAGHELEV, AND THE ARTIST, LAFITA: IN THE COCHRAN COLLECTION.

This unique fan was presented to Mrs. Cochran, and forms part of the Cochran Collection. It is the work of the artist, M. Juan Lafita, whose portrait appears in the centre. On the left of the fan may be seen a sketch of M. Igor Stravinsky, the famous composer, next to a sketch of a man with a harp. Below these two M. Serge Diaghelev, of Russian Ballet fame, may be recognised. One of the sticks bears the legend: "Cassé par Igor Stravinsky. Sevilla, 23 March, 1921," and on the other, the dedication: "À Madame Cochran, souvenir d'un flamenco à Sevilla, 1921."—[Reproduced by courtesy of Mr. C. B. Cochran.]



live happily with an author. Her mood must jump with his or they will drift apart. Because, mind you, it doesn't follow by rule of thumb that he has done any work at all. He may have gone to his table, and he may have filled his pipe and lighted it, and he may have sat down with his manuscript in front of him. But there he may have stuck. And the young wife will return to find herself harnessed for life to a complete failure, a bankrupt, and an incipient imbecile.

### Living on Imagination.

People who don't write for a living think it must be "lovely" to do your work when you like and where you like. So it is—up to a point. But there's a catch in it, as in most things. If you live on your imagination you pay the price by getting an abnormal development of that doubtful gift. It is no joke to spend the morning reading up the symptoms of incipient insanity, or incipient something else, in the encyclopædia. No business man ever does that. He hasn't the time, for one thing; for another, he is seldom alone. Business is a jolly, gay, hilarious life compared with authorship. The telephone tinkles, and the type-writer rattles, and the typist chirrups, and the postman keeps on leaving piles and piles of cheques—all that sort of thing.

And then the business man has LUNCH. This is really the chief event of the day with the business man. He eats an enormous lunch every day, and drinks wine with it, and has a cigar after it, to say nothing of coffee and old brandy, and all the time he is talking to some man with the moral (or immoral) certainty of making money out of him. A glorious life! If the author lunched like that he wouldn't last six months.

**How Swinburne Lived.** A great deal of nonsense has been talked—and some of it very malicious nonsense—about Swinburne's retirement to The Pines at Putney. I have heard lots of that nonsense, but I never found myself quite able to believe it. Swinburne was an extraordinary person, and extraordinary people are not apt to settle down to any kind of life which makes them unhappy. They would rather end it.

I never understood Swinburne and the life at The Pines until I read this very charming, very candid, extremely well-written book by Mrs. Watts-Dunton. She did well, indeed, to write it, for posterity will know the truth about the later life of Swinburne. And the truth is that his surroundings were ideal for a man of his peculiar temperament. In the first place, he did not want to mix with what is known, I believe, as the "great world." He was far too sensitive, far too impressionable, for the life of the diner-out and luncher-out, and endless orgies of gossip. Suppose you took a highly sensitised thing like a photographic plate and exposed it over and over again. The result would be chaos. But the poet's brain was infinitely more sensitive than any photographic plate. It was the brain of a great genius. Think of the effect of a roomful of cackling people on a brain like that! It would have driven him to drink, then drugs, and finally the Dull-House.

He escaped all that at The Pines. There were visitors, but he was not obliged to see them. His daily routine is minutely set forth, with much charm and sympathy, by Mrs. Watts-Dunton. He took breakfast in his own room, and then set out for his

unfailing walk across Wimbledon Common. No weather ever interfered with this walk, nor did he ever carry an umbrella or wear an overcoat. In point of fact, it was this very scorn of umbrellas and overcoats that ultimately caused his death.

On the other side of the Common was a charming little inn where the poet was well known and much respected. His refreshment was the same every day—a bottle of beer in a thick glass specially reserved for him. The parlour of the inn was usually unoccupied at that hour of the morning, but occasionally some visitor would drop in. Whenever this happened, Swinburne would forthwith leave his bottle and his glass and make a dash for the landlord's parlour. The staff, quite accustomed to this manoeuvre, would follow him with the beer.

Having thus modestly refreshed, his next visit was to a favourite bookshop. Every day of his life he would buy a book, sometimes half-a-dozen. They had to be fitted into the tail-pockets of his coat by the proprietress of the shop, and then he would cavort back to The Pines for lunch. (It

friends, had to listen. As luck would have it, he read extremely badly.

"Swinburne's voice was curiously unsuited to the interpretation of Dickens. I was amazed to read that he possessed a 'rich contralto'! To my thinking, the quality of his voice was distinctly male, verging on falsetto when he was excited and on its high notes. At its best, it was musical and sometimes tender. He did not command many tones, and his voice, in later life at any rate, had an ineradicable metallic quality which interfered with its flexibility. And when the reader was carried away by the pathos or the passion or the rollicking humour of his author, he had a tendency to rise to a kind of involuntary shriek, unpleasant to hear."

An astonishing picture to conjure up in one's mind's eye—those two dears waiting for their dinner whilst Swinburne screamed Dickens at them in a metallic falsetto! And this happened every night!

There is just one more passage I must give you. It has to do with Swinburne's appearance, and is not intended, of course, to be unkind.

"Outside, when he had donned his wideawake, he somehow looked eccentric. [I simply had to italicise those four words. Listen.] For one thing, he braced his trousers too high; in his absence of mind, he would pull them above the ankles, showing several inches of white sock. Furthermore, he had a curious prancing gait, and his deliberate way of flinging out his feet before him as he trod the ground reminded one of a dancing master or a soldier doing the goose-step."

"Tell England." This, I understand, is Mr. Ernest Raymond's first attempt at fiction. He set himself a huge task—nothing less than a public-school story and a war novel in one. We have had rather a surfeit of both, but Mr. Raymond had all this stuff inside him and had to get it out; and here it is in 320 intense, serious, burning pages. There are plenty of oaths, especially in the latter part of the book; and I, for one, am getting a little tired of the once-forbidden expletive which stood Mr. Shaw in such good stead in a certain play at

His Majesty's Theatre. However, that is purely a matter of taste. If you like "strong" language, you will like "Tell England" very much, and you can then tell your friends about it.

**Thrills and Kisses.** The scene of "The Green Moth," by G. E. Mitton and J. G. Scott, is laid in Burma.

"He had calculated his steps, and knew exactly when he had reached the middle of the sagging mat bridge. He stopped. 'Remember, you mustn't move,' he said in a clear, soft voice. 'If you do we shall fly together into the abyss. You must lie as you are lying now in my arms, passive and still, while I kiss you—'

"A heartrending voice of protest came from the warm living being he held. 'I trusted you,' she said."

This occurs on page 12. There are 302 pages in "The Green Moth," so I don't see how you can go far wrong if you are in the habit of asking the young woman at the library for thrills and kisses.

The Home Life of Swinburne. By Clara Watts-Dunton. (A. M. Philpot; 15s. net.)

Tell England. By Ernest Raymond. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)

The Green Moth. By G. E. Mitton and J. G. Scott. (John Murray; 7s. 6d. net.)



WATCHING THE BOAT RACE FROM AMONG THE CHIMNEY STACKS: LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD, THE HON. DORIS PEEL, LADY ANKARET HOWARD, AND MISS MOSCOVITCH (L. TO R.).

Our photograph shows a group of Society girls watching Cambridge win the Boat Race from the roof of Walpole House, Major Goldman's residence at Chiswick. Lady Elizabeth Howard and Lady Ankaret Howard are two of the sisters of the Earl of Carlisle; and the Hon. Doris Peel is the only daughter of Viscount Peel.—[Photograph by I.B.]

was more of a cavort than a walk, I gather.)

Both going and coming, of course, new lines of the poem on which he was at work would be ringing through his head. Flowers and trees he could see, but no people. Even the Watts-Duntons, meeting him accidentally on the same footway, have been passed by without so much as a glance!

The moment he arrived home he would rush up to his bed-room and change all his underclothes. (I am glad to find that somebody else was put to all that trouble after an ordinary walk.) Then to lunch, when he relieved his mind of the lighter thoughts that had been thronging through it in the open air. After lunch he slept awhile, and at last—at the best time of the day for mental work—to the writing-table.

### Swinburne and Dickens.

Swinburne had his faults—amusing faults, for the most part, but somewhat trying withal. I fancy that Mrs. Watts-Dunton liked him least during the hour before dinner. It was the poet's custom at this hour to read aloud from Dickens, to whose works he was passionately devoted. And Mr. and Mrs. Watts-Dunton, those devoted



## PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

- "LOYALTIES"; AND "SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?" (ST. MARTIN'S)  
One of the best Galsworthy plays, dealing with a theft case in high Society. Excellent characterisation and capital acting throughout, especially in the case of the two dual rôles, played by J. H. Roberts and Ben Field. Followed by Barrie's very amusing "unfinished" work.
- "THE LADY OF THE ROSE" (DALY'S).  
The best Daly piece since the war. Good music and, for a change, an interesting plot. Especially notable for a fine performance by Harry Weichman. Phyllis Dare and Huntley Wright at their best.
- "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).  
Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. "Revised" version, with songs originally omitted.
- "ORPHANS OF THE STORM" (SCALA).  
A Griffith film play of the French Revolution, of the very best type, convincing and exciting.

## EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. "THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAYHOUSE).  
A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.
2. "AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).  
Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.
3. "THE WHEEL" (APOLLO).  
The triangle (Eternal, not Y.M.C.A.) in India. Picturesque and poignant drama. Brilliant acting by Phyllis Neilson-Terry.
4. "ROUND IN 50" (LONDON HIPPODROME).  
Most amusing, and charmingly spectacular. A very modern sequel to Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days." George Robey at his best; and excellent work by Barry Lupino, Renée Reel, and others.
5. "THE BAT" (ST. JAMES'S).  
A mass of familiar detective complications; with a mystery very well sustained.
6. "OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES" (COMEDY).  
By R. C. Carton. Quite amusing. Miss Compton characteristic. Also Athene Seyler capital; and C. M. Lowne, Edmund Willard, Compton Coutts, and Forrester Harvey.
7. "THE SILVER BOX" (COURT).  
Galsworthy's famous play. A phase of life photographically set forth.
8. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).  
C. B. Cochran's successful revue. Second attractive version.



A NEW-COMER TO "WELCOME STRANGER": MISS JOAN BARRY, WHO NOW PLAYS THE LEAD IN THE SUCCESSFUL PLAY AT THE LYRIC.

## PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

1. "POT LUCK" (VAUDEVILLE). Revue intime.
2. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).  
Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.
3. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).  
Barrie's early 19th century play.
4. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).  
An amusing "Follyish" show. New Edition.
5. "THE GRAND GUIGNOL" (LITTLE THEATRE).  
New series of plays of the type expected. Sybil Thorndike notably good.
6. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).  
A triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green.
7. "MAYFAIR AND MONTMARTRE" (NEW OXFORD).  
With Delysia. Chiefly notable for certain charming scenic effects, pageantry, and dresses.
8. "THE CURATE'S EGG" (AMBASSADORS).  
Verbal fireworks, Arthur Wimperis brand; not always displayed to the best advantage by those letting them off. Mainly Nelson Keys, who is at his best in his strictly "character" studies. Irene Russell attractive. Tuneful music by Herman Finck. An "egg" likely to get fresher as it gets older.
9. "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" (GARRICK).  
French farce, "boiled down" and mixed with sentiment. Seymour Hicks as a light-hearted aristocrat broke to the wide, winning back his wife—charming Barbara Hoffs. Stanley Logan decidedly funny.
10. "HIS GIRL" (GAIETY).  
An endeavour to live up to the old Gaiety standard. Stanley Lupino very good.



"ROCKETS," THE LONDON PALLADIUM REVUE: MISS VICTORIA MILLAR, MLE. ALBION, MISS ELAINE ROSSLYN, AND MISS MAUDIE FRANCIS (SEATED) IN "THE ISLE OF SOUTHERN SPLENDOR" SCENE.

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments quite

worth seeing. None of these "mentions" is paid for. Productions too late for this list will be "placed" in our next number. We give the plays mentioned in the order of their merit according to our opinion. \*First mention in our list.—[Photographs by Yvonne Park and Stage Photo. Co.]





**A FAMILY STUDY: MRS. EDWARD  
COMPTON AND HER TWINS—**

Mrs. Edward Compton is the wife of Captain Edward Robert Francis Compton, son of the late Lord Alwyne Compton, D.S.O., third son of the fourth Marquess of Northampton. She is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Alexander Haldane Farquharson of



**ALWYNE ARTHUR AND MARY  
COMPTON.**

Invercauld, and was married in 1918. Captain and Mrs. Compton have twins, Alwyne Arthur and Mary, who were born in 1919, and are a most fascinating pair, as our portrait studies show.

*Portrait Studies by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.*





**A FAMILY STUDY: LADY CHURSTON,  
WITH LYDIA AND PRIMROSE.**

Lady Churston is the wife of the third Baron, and was married in 1907. She has two sons and four daughters, and is shown in our portrait study with her two youngest girls; the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller, born in 1917, and the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, who is a year younger.

*Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.*



## Plays — Without Prejudice.

### OUR DRAMATISTS.

**Great Names.** Have you ever considered, as you walk past theatres, that there is someone else in the world besides the Leading Lady whose name winks electrically at you in a thousand pink and blue flickers and the gentleman (or gentlemen) who Presents (or Present)? You will not find in your walks abroad that much prominence is given to any other name on the façades of our theatres. And you will hardly find, if you read dramatic criticism, that much attention is paid to any other figures by our solemn friends in the free seats.

**There Also Ran—** Yet the *ragout* of which you partake between eight p.m. and supper-time does, you know, contain another, an often-forgotten, but never omitted, ingredient. Its name is somewhere on the programme, but rarely on the outside of the building. It is summoned, on rare and happy occasions, to make a blinking and enraptured appearance before the curtain. And it is called—you had almost forgotten the name—the Author.

**Authors At Home.** One doesn't hear much about him. His home, his taste in pets, his new six-seater are comparatively unfamiliar to students of the contemporary scene. His jewels are rarely robbed. His promises are rarely breached. The privacy of his home farm is rarely invaded by Press photographers avid for a snapshot of his pigs. He lives a quiet, modest, orderly little life, and now it is high time that some of us paid him a little attention.

**"A. B."** Our plays are mostly written for us by people who write other things. Especially novels. You may have had your own opinion about "The Love Match." But there can be no doubt—witness the triumphant excavation of "Milestones" last year—that Mr. Arnold Bennett is one of the foremost dramatists in England. A light touch, an easy skill in manipulating the movements of his characters, a detailed knowledge of the social mannerisms of any class that he may sit down to depict—all these things combine to produce a dramatist of considerable stature. That is why one feels few misgivings for the future, even though the masterful millionaire and his feline bride succeeded better in their grip upon prosperity than in their grip upon the public.

**Truth.** He has, after all, the dramatist's first gift—a genius for reality. A painter may delight an eclectic public with a bloodshot tree producing a fine crop of green triangles. But these pleasing variations of dull truth are out of the question for the humble playwright. His distortions must, if he indulges in them at all, be mental. His domestic interior, his dummies, his exits and his entrances must have an air of solid reality in

(which usually sentences a man to erudite sterility), he manages in almost all his work to keep true to the facts of life. And the facts of life are the raw material of drama. "Mixed Marriage," whose run is just over at the Aldwych, is a fine example of transmuted facts. A grey tea-drinking in Belfast is taken, left grey, and lit up with a fine light of tragedy. Mr. Ervine faces the facts; he never distorts them into fantasy, but they are skilfully rearranged to catch a tragic light.

**"G. B. S."** Mr. Shaw—one couldn't keep away from him for long—is nothing of a realist. His facts are rarely true, and he dances across them in a sort of moral fantasia. The stupid extravaganzas of our forefathers was a wild distortion of facts. Mr. Shaw's extravaganzas is a parody of innumerable ideas. That is why and how he is what dreadful translators of Rostand call a Fantastick. It is a gift. But not for plays in the sense in which Mr. Walkley would probably define them.

**And—** And who are the others? Miss Clemence Dane, after a triumph in prose, declined upon the more fragile reed of poetic drama. Mr. Harwood sees drama as a brilliant and entertaining procession of verbal wit. One doubts the soundness of the definition, but the easy ability of the result is undoubted. And there are others. Lots.

**Publicity.** One has said enough to show that attention should be given to the gentlemen who write our plays. They—and not the harassed lady who gets the Press notices—are the people who want keeping up to the mark by the ferrule of criticism. Their private life might be enlivened by the more frequent interviewer. Their pets, their taste in flowers, their garden-rollers might get some public attention. And with this kindly encouragement they might write better plays for us. Or not. Anyway, it is high time that we began to study our dramatists a bit. Because they are more and better than at most epochs in the British drama. Our plays are no longer written by beery hacks, and we owe the dramatists our tribute of public attention. Let us hope that they will soon receive their meed of publicity.



A SINGER OF "NO ONE'S EVER KISSED ME": MISS MARY LEIGH, OF "POT LUCK."

Miss Mary Leigh is one of the attractions of "Pot Luck," the Vaudeville revue, and appears in the "Calypso" number in a dance with Miss Marjorie Brooks; in "Trying to Help"; and also sings "No One Ever Kissed Me," with Mr. Jack Hulbert and Mr. Dennis Cowles.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

three sound dimensions. Or we shan't believe a word of it. And that is fatal to the play. Now that solid verisimilitude is Mr. Bennett's peculiar gift. Not, indeed, his sole gift. But a rich foundation for his more varied accomplishments.

**Mr. Ervine.** And so has Mr. St. John Ervine. Handicapped by a fatal critical knowledge of how it is done



# The Lady "Pro." at Roehampton.



MRS. LARCOMBE GIVES A LAWN-TENNIS LESSON: MRS. DUDLEY WARD AS PUPIL.

Society people are preparing for the opening of the English lawn-tennis season, and many well-known folk are already having lessons from Mrs. Larcombe, at Roehampton Club, and find that it's a good way of keeping warm on cold spring days. Our page shows Mrs. Dudley Ward having her first day's coaching from Mrs. Larcombe, who is as good a

teacher as she is player—and that's saying a good deal. Mrs. Dudley Ward is the wife of Lieutenant-Commander William Dudley Ward, M.P. (Vice-Chamberlain of his Majesty's Household since 1917, son of the late Mr. William Humble Dudley Ward, and of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward.) She was formerly Miss Winifred Birkin.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

# The Lights of Paris.

**Music Menaced.** Are we without music? Are we without our *boîtes de nuit* at Montmartre? Personally, the closing of some of the night haunts of Montmartre would leave me cold; but there is, of course, an immense public for whom these establishments represent Paris and its gaiety. Indeed, so far as music in the restaurants is concerned, the city would certainly not be itself were the orchestras silenced.

**Silent Cafés.** Just about the time these lines actually appear we shall know definitely our fate; but from present appearances one can only anticipate



**FRENCH FEMININE RUGGER PLAYERS: A TRY.** The French ladies' public début as Rugger players attracted large crowds. The players were members of the Sport Femina Club of Paris.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

that the proprietors will carry out their threat and will suppress pianists, violinists, and 'cellists—besides the man who beats the drum, clatters the cymbals, and makes weird noises with strange things whose name I don't know. So heavy have become the taxes on establishments where music is given that a general closing-down is threatened.

**Cheap Entertainment.** Some really distinguished musicians are to be found in these establishments, and the Parisian can, if he chooses, quietly sit in a comfortable, well-lighted place listening to cheerful and sometimes excellent music all the evening for the sum of seventy-five centimes spent on a *café*. If the decision to lock out the musicians is really put into effect and extends to the majority of *café-restaurants*, Paris will certainly be very much duller. But some sort of arrangement to avert this disaster is inevitable.

**Latest Song.** For one thing, we want to hear in the *cafés* the airs of "Ta Bouche." They are the talk of the town. Even in solemn Government offices it is possible to hear a dignified official, who the evening before had visited the Théâtre Daunou, humming—

*Moi, je fais ça machinalement  
Sans savoir comment.*

"Ta Bouche." There has been nothing like it since "Phi-Phi." "Ta Bouche" has caught on in the most extraordinary manner. It is described as a musical comedy written by Yves Mirande—

but there are, as is usual in this *genre*, a dozen authors of one sort or another. The story is sufficiently stupid to command success. There is a father who is practically without means seeking a fiancée for his son, and there is a pseudo-Comtesse seeking a husband for her daughter. At the last minute they discover that they have each not only been bluffing, but have been bluffed—and the two young people are separated. The son marries a rich but ugly heiress. The daughter also amasses a little fortune. After various marital adventures, they both find themselves free again. The last Act sees not only their marriage, but the marriage of the bluffing father and the bluffing mother, and some other marriages besides.

**Vivacity.** It does not seem to be a particularly fatiguing job to construct a comedy of this kind, and I do not suppose that M. Mirande will die of brain-fever. Everything depends upon the lilting songs which everybody repeats. The audiences actually sing in chorus. Moreover, Paris actors really know how to play in these typical pieces with verve. Victor Boucher and Jeanne Saint-Bonnet are full of high spirits, while M. Guyon fils and Jeanne Cheirel carry on with untiring humour.

**A Chassé-Croisé.** Spinelly is once more the most discussed personality of the theatre. There are several reasons. The first is that she suddenly threw up her part in a play of Maurice Donnay's—"La Belle Angevine"—which was about to be produced. Mlle. Jane Marnac, who was going to act in a revue by Rip, took up the rôle at a moment's notice. Thereupon Mlle. Spinelly agreed to appear in the next revue by Rip—which, maliciously enough, is to be punningly entitled "Le Bel Ange Vint." Thus everybody is satisfied. It is simply a fair exchange.

**Spinelly's Portrait.** But Spinelly is also the subject of a most daring portrait-study by the most famous painter in this *genre* at the present time—Jean Gabriel Domergue. It is really



an extraordinary portrait. Spinelly is perched upon a pile of cushions, half-revealed and half-concealed in the folds of black furs. In strong contrast to this dark note is the orange red of a screen with spots of gold and white. The nether limbs—as Victorian writers would say—emerge from this mixture of brilliant colours. I understand that the big canvas is intended for the Salon which is opening, and it will certainly attract a good deal of attention.

**La Jeune Fille.** The manners of to-day—for the spirit of "Ta Bouche" is widespread—find an unexpected defender in Marcel Prévost, the celebrated author. He is all in favour of the *affranchissement* of the *jeune fille*, and if there is much more freedom than there was in the old days, this does not necessarily imply that there is a *crise de moralité*. Indeed, he considers that there is safety in the constant association of the two sexes. The French girl no longer believes in the superiority of the young man whom she can perhaps beat at tennis. The mode may not be so modest as it was, but it is no less moral—according to M. Prévost.

**New Freedom.** If the parents are shocked at modern dances, he says, it is the parents who are wrong. In any case, they must resign themselves to the new conditions. The French girl in future means to be at least as free as the English girl. It is the war which has wrought this revolution. No longer is the *jeune fille* escorted by a chaperon. No longer does she lower her eyes, no longer does her heart palpitate, at the sight of a *jeune homme*. M. Prévost would not counsel a return to other days—the days of before the war—but he would counsel the prolongation of youth, which he declares is well worth while for itself, and has apparently been cut out of the lives of many men and women.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.



**WOMEN PLAY RUGGER IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME: LADIES OF THE SPORT FEMINA CLUB.**

The ladies of the Sport Femina Club, Paris, played a Rugby match in public for the first time recently. Our photograph shows a group of the players, with their "scrum" head-dresses.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.





*Photo. Edwin Neame.*

*An all-British Creation designed and executed by Gobel of Maddox Street, Regent Street, London, W.1, and Harrogate.*



### Only English Speaking Visitors.

This is my first visit to Biarritz, and I am as amazed as I am amused to find that, apparently, only English-speaking visitors are allowed! The Hôtel du Palais is full of nothing but English, for the one solitary Spaniard (who, incidentally, speaks our tongue perfectly and adores England and English life) and a smart French couple (who are the proud owners of a fox-terrier) can scarcely be said to count. Immediately on my arrival the Hôtel du Palais had a special gala dinner (no, I did not say it was given solely in my honour!), and the beautiful restaurant looked very festive with coloured lights—not too many, but just enough—its dinner-tables decked with beautiful head-dresses for our wear. Huge butterfly wings in delightful colourings mounted on gilt bandeaux for the women, and gay Incroyable hats for the men made us all feel quite jolly—and self-satisfied. Lady Angela Forbes, in a frock of pale heliotrope with a belt of massed grapes in the same colour, was dining with the Earl of Wemyss; Mr. Myron Herrick, the United States Ambassador in Paris, was there, as well as many others, including Sir Theodore and Lady Brinckman, Colonel Cyril Hankey, Colonel and Mrs. Morrison Bell, Colonel Hope Vere, Captain and Mrs. Green Wilkinson, and General Sir Thomas Bridges.

### The Surprise Prize.

Towards the end of dinner we were all handed a little ivory pig charm dangling on a red silk ribbon, and, moreover, bearing a tiny ticket with a number. This was for the raffle—and the joke of it was that no one knew what the prize was to be. However, our curiosity was soon set at rest when a Basque peasant clown made his appearance carrying under his arm a squealing, grunting—pig! Yes, a clean, white piglet with a red satin frill round its neck. (Query: Have pigs necks? I am not sure.) Shrieks of laughter greeted the baby porker as he was paraded round the restaurant, and quite a lot of excitement was caused at the mere thought of perhaps becoming the proprietor of the two-months-old piggie. The owner of the winning number, being naturally somewhat embarrassed by his prize, sold it, I hear, right away, and it is now being fattened up on a farm near by.

Afterwards, everyone danced in the Salle des Fêtes, and the scene was really charming. Did I tell you it was a fancy-dress affair? Well, it was, and, though everyone had not garbed himself fantastically, not one dared to appear without his or her head-dress, so the effect was as picturesque as such things invariably are.

### A Charity Fête.

Princess Frederica (who, you may remember, used to be styled as "of Hanover," but now is called "of Great Britain"), a great *personnage* here, is getting up a charity fête in aid of the Home for French and

English Sailors, and it is to take place at the Hôtel du Palais on April 19. The management of the hotel is giving everything free of charge, and a day or so ago the Princess came to the hotel to supervise details. Dressed in black, with a close-fitting toque lightened by an upstanding white osprey in front à la hussar, Princess Frederica drove from her villa in a brougham with a couple of big bays, and



IN THE SUNSHINE AT CANNES: MRS. STREETER LAMBERT (LEFT) AND MRS. LISTER-KAYE.—[Photograph by Le Noir.]

I noticed that the coachman, quite à l'ancienne mode, had silver galon round his cockaded hat. The Princess, who is very tall and distinguished-looking, spent quite a long time at the hotel, and was very charming; the result is the definite arrangement that there will be a concert, a bridge drive, and dancing—nothing is complete without dancing!



AT THE BEAU SITE, CANNES: MRS. ADAMS, LADY AMHERST OF HACKNEY, LADY COATES, LADY GLENTANAR, AND MR. BACON (L. TO R.).

Photograph by Le Noir.

Queen Mary and Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles have sent valuable gifts to their relative, and these will be on sale at one of the various stalls. The shopkeepers of Biarritz and Bayonne, it must be said, have responded with enthusiasm, and, thanks mainly to their help, there will be a large number of attractive articles available.

**Polo in the Autumn.** Here is a piece of absolutely fresh news! A polo ground is to be one of the attractions

in August and September. Although Spaniards, headed by their lively King, are quite keen on the game, and spend the summer largely at Biarritz, there have been absolutely no facilities, so far, for polo. Now, however, between here and Bayonne, there is to be a polo club. King Alfonso has promised his patronage and will certainly come and play. Others who are taking a great interest in the arrangements are the Duke of Westminster and the Duke of Peñaranda. The Duke of Westminster has a place not far from Bordeaux, at Mimizan, which is comparatively near here. The Duke of Peñaranda is the young polo-playing brother of the Duke of Alba (whom legions of friends call just "Jimmy d'Albe"), so often seen knocking the ball about to good purpose at Hurlingham and Ranelagh. King Alfonso is no stranger to Biarritz and often comes here—in fact, only a few weeks ago his most Catholic Majesty was lunching in my hotel (the Palais).

### Recent Arrivals.

We have quite a number of interesting people staying at the Palais. For instance, the honeymoon couple, Captain Dudley Coats and his wife (so recently Miss Audrey James) have just taken rooms here, after a few days at the Carlton. They were dining here last night, she wearing a pretty black frock with large silver flowers on the skirt. Earl Fitzwilliam has paid us a flying visit; Lord Wemyss and Lady Angela Forbes have left, the latter for a week in Paris before going to the flat she has taken in London. By the way, what an interesting personality is hers! So tall and well set-up, quite boyish-looking with her bobbed hair, who would call her a grandmother? The Countess of Lindsey motors here sometimes from her villa, driven by an English *chauffeuse* clad in the uniform of the Women's Legion. The Earl of Rosslyn has been lunching and dining here—with his hair as untamed as ever! Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet have followed me here from Monte Carlo. I am glad to find Mrs. Goelet has quite recovered from the nasty accident they had motoring round about there, when she, poor thing, had to bear the brunt of the smash-up of their car on her ankle. Such a good-looking woman is Mrs. Goelet—a little like the Countess of Rocksavage, perhaps, but more placid. She favours turbans, too, and every evening wears one of a different kind—one night crimson velvet, another silver tissue, and so forth. He, Robert Goelet, brother of the Duchess of Roxburghe, spends a good deal of time at *chemin de fer* in the Casino, as do Colonel Hankey and the Marchioness of Headfort.

### A Lunch Party.

The Duchess of Norfolk, who has now returned to London, lunched with Mrs. Hope Vere at the villa Sancta Maria before leaving, the other guests including the Earl and Countess of Darnley, Mr. Myron Herrick, Lord Buchan, and Lady Hambro.

There is much to say about the splendid golf-links here, and hunting—the latter of a somewhat funny kind; but I will leave that until next week.



Born 1820—Still going Strong!



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 7.

Yard of the "OSTRICH," Colnbrook: A half timbered Inn on the Old Bath Road. Much of its mediæval timbering still in evidence. Has a gruesome history of wholesale murders, although interesting place in the 18th Century of many famous travellers.

Shade of Beau Nash: "Greetings! JOHNNIE WALKER, I vow you are indeed elegant. You have style, you have character, you are universally admired."

# Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



## Curtain Up at Brooklands.

Jolly old Brooklands struck a particularly parky Sabbath upon which to inaugurate its Sunday tea-fights, joy-rides, and jazz-band jamborees; and I certainly was not one of the plucky ones to face the music with the F naturals frozen into shrill icicles and the B flats and C sharps congealing in mid-air. However, when spring really does arrive and summer follows suit, though we must not bank upon a repetition of the last *annus mirabilis*, Sunday afternoon on the track, open free to the public, will be quite a giddy gavotte; and it is certain that this free-and-easy introduction will do a lot to popularise the track and populate the paddock upon race days. Next Monday "wot ever is," marks the real opening of things serious and the first of the Brooklands Club's own meetings; and both entries and reports bode well for a big success, granted the goodwill of the Greenwich gods and a favourable forecast of Bank Holiday conditions. Anyhow, there are not only many of the old familiar war-horses of steel and iron girding up their back-axles, but a very healthy contingent of new and interesting fast machines of all sorts, freak and otherwise, coming along to take part in the giddy swirl round the huge cement soup-tureen down at Weybridge. And, incidentally, though I cannot guarantee it personally, they do tell me that the new caterers are doing things quite well and show signs of adding to the public content by feeding the beast properly, instead of leaving him to raven up hill and down dale, objurgating the executive with the crude expletives employed by hungry holiday-makers.

## Great Race of the Season.

Thus the stage is set for the opening of the cement season, ready for the rise of the curtain; and further, with great foresight, the stage is already being set for the grand finale on September 30, the day fixed for the greatest race ever projected at Brooklands—the 500-mile International Grand Prix on the track. Wisely, the powers behind the cement have decided to scrap the tradition of mere cups and honour and glory, and are putting up considerable cash prizes, £1500 in all—£750 to the entrant of the winner, £300 to the second, £200 for the third, £150 for the fourth, and £100 for the fifth. This should give an impetus to things, as in these hard times people are not always out to race for toffee or nuts, like a Sunday-school treat. The entrance fee has been fixed at £50, of which one-half will be returned to all actual starters; and entries close on July 31. However, late entries

may be accepted at the discretion of the executive up to September 3, but at the double rate of £100 a car, of which none is returnable; so the early birds will save quite a considerable number of worms, or their equivalent in Bradbury-Fishers. Thus it is hoped to attract all the cream of the big Continental racing cars of the year, and to see the road races of the summer finally fought out again on the track; and for this reason, doubtless after careful consultation and a canvass of probable competitors, the Brooklands authorities have turned down the English Tourist

grosser rivals. If beaten, it is felt that they will not be disgraced; whereas, if successful, they will have abundant reason to be cock-a-hoop and inflate their bonnets to bursting point; and over such a long and gruelling course they will stand a chance quite different from that over a short one, and there is no saying what may not happen. Moreover, they will be all ready and in hard training, as they have their own 200-mile event upon the lines of last autumn at Brooklands in August, apart from the Junior Tourist Trophy in the Isle of Man in June, so that it will not really cost much to run them. I would, however, to make the proposition more attractive, and to temper the handicap to the shorn centimetres, have felt inclined to let them in at half fees; but then I have a notoriously kind heart, and Colonel Lindsay Lloyd is a stern, beetle-browed martinet of the old régime. The other regulations are straightforward, reasonable, and necessarily commonplace with two exceptions. In the first place, I am by no means sure that I agree that the stewards should have the arbitrary right to stop the race at their discretion, though I know this would only be done in very extreme circumstances; nor do I consider that under any conditions should either driver or mechanic be permitted to be changed during the race. But that's that; and I have no doubt that the cool, calculating stewards with their stern and glassy eyes know better than I, a mere child in these things, with no pedals to push or axe to grind.

## 100-M.P.H. Average.

The great race will start at eleven pip emma, and is expected to last a bit over five hours. An average of 100 m.p.h. would be a bit fearsome, taking tyres and all into consideration, but there is no saying what may not be done by such comparatively light machines, especially when one recalls

the minimum of tyre trouble in the 200-mile race last autumn; and things have progressed a lot since poor Percy Lambert first potted a hundred solid miles into a single hour upon his famous four-inch Clement-Talbot. The only one regret I really have as regards the size limitation is that it debars the glorious old war-horses and snorting freak warriors of the Chitty-Bang-Bang brigade; for of such is the Kingdom of Brooklands, from the spectacular and sensational point of view, but this is only a small matter.



THE PATH OF THE CONQUERORS OF INDIA AS A MOTOR ROAD: THE PRINCE OF WALES CROSSING THE FAMOUS KHYBER PASS.

Our photograph shows the Prince of Wales motoring through the famous Khyber Pass, the narrow defile between N.W. India and Afghanistan through the Safed Koh. It is the only pass in the North-Western Frontier practical for artillery. All the conquerors of India, with the exception of Alexander the Great and the British, made their way into India through it.—[Photograph by Mela Ram and Sons.]

Trophy and Yankee three-litre size in favour of the arbitrary and unpopular Gallic two-litre.

## Rules and Regulations.

However, they have not made it two litres (2000 c.c.) hard and fast, but not exceeding, thereby leaving it optional for the successful one-and-a-half-litre class, which proved itself so nobly last autumn in the Junior Car Club's 200-mile race, to throw down the gauntlet with a fearsome clank upon the cement to their 25 per cent.



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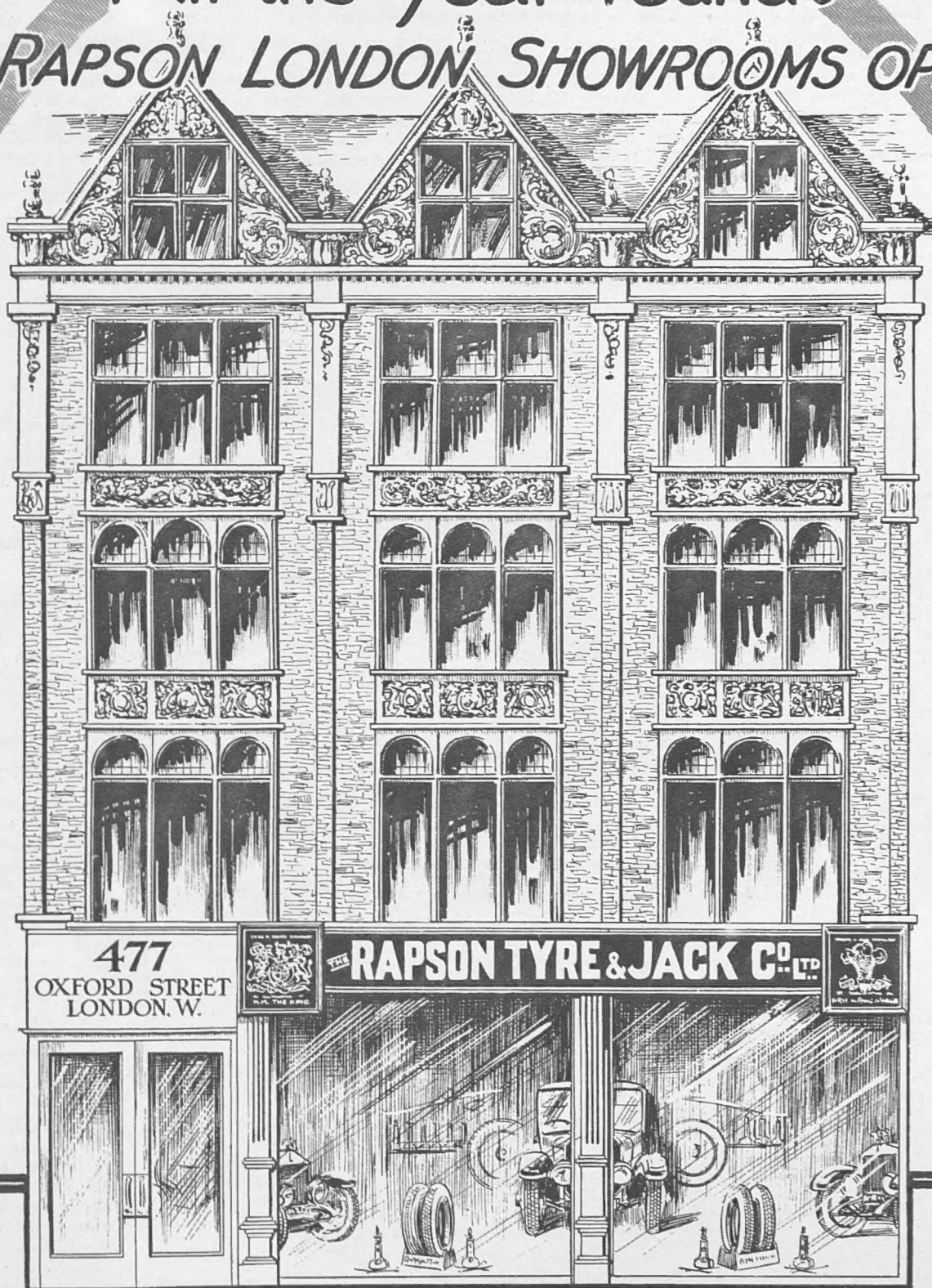
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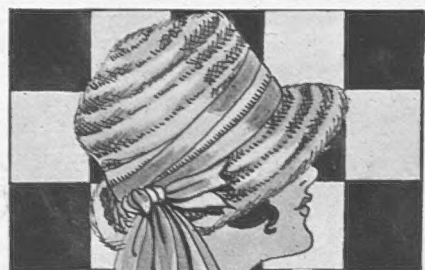
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A Glenster hat in rose-coloured moufflon straw ornamented with rose and silver ribbon.

### Fashions for the Holidays.

Everybody seems to be going away for Easter this year, and when one has been lucky enough to secure rooms, the next problem is to pack the necessary clothes for rain and shine into the smallest possible space. All the shops are showing wonderful things just now, and at remarkably low prices. There are taffetas frocks—so easy to pack—for 35s. 9d., and ratine dresses, that fear no crushing, for 22s.! Knitted sports coats are numerous; some of the newest models are woven to show wool on the outside, while the inside is silk of the same colour. Rainbow scarves of artificial silk will be delightful for the sea-side, and the rather short but very wide scarf of Pyrenees wool is also a favourite.

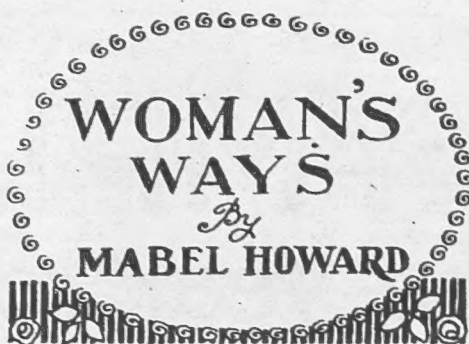
It is as well to prepare for the rain, so do not forget that there are featherweight silk macintoshes that pack into an envelope and can be put into any corner without harm. The latest waterproof novelty is a macintosh coat and skirt, cut on tailored lines, and carried out in the prettiest pastel shades. These costumes have the appearance of suède, or some soft material, and when worn with a small hat to match trimmed with a bow of waterproof velvet, the illusion is complete.

### Travelling Novelties.

Hats are always difficult to pack unless they have a special box, and for a short holiday this is unnecessary. There are the most delightful hats in silk and velvet that can be folded flat, and put into an ordinary week-end case. Some of these hats, made of waterproof satin, are reversible, being black on one side and a bright colour on the other. A ribbon is passed through slots round the crown and tied at the side, so the hat can be drawn up to fit any head. Other hats, made Tam-o'-Shanter shape, with a small brim, actually roll up for packing. There are most delightful dressing-jackets, made in crêpe-de-Chine, which fold up into a tiny pocket that also contains a pair of slippers exactly the same colour.

### Bright Colours for Spring Suits.

Although black still holds its own in the evening, very bright colours have made their appearance for



tea-frocks and costumes. Rust, yellow, and bright lacquer-red are to the front. By the way, lacquered quills and wings are to be seen on hats, and even lacquered flowers. Jade-green has given place to emerald, and in Paris many of the spring costumes are carried out in navy-blue gabardine or duvetyn, piped on every possible seam with vivid green. A coat-cape of lacquer-red is lined with palest grey, and worn with a grey skirt piped with red. Crépella is the newest material for frocks, many of which have dispensed with a belt; the soft fabric is draped to the figure and hangs slightly pouched back and front at the waist. Made-up birds, from very red robins to scarlet and green parrots, are worn on straw hats; while appliqué net veils are to be used to soften the small, hard shapes.

### Shoes for the Golfing Woman.

At one time any sort of shoes were considered good enough for sports, but happily things have changed, and now the out-of-door woman is very particular about her footwear. Instead of the heavy, black leather shoe, all shades of brown leather and every tint of suède are used for sports shoes. Suède

brogues, fitted with tongues that prevent the water from penetrating, are excellent for golf; besides being very light and comfortable, they always look well with knitted or tweed suits. Crocodile skin makes very hard-wearing walking shoes. These have large eyelet holes, and are tied with wide-corded ribbon rather than the ordinary lace. The Jester shoe, made in suède or brown leather, can now be obtained with a stout sole, and high, close-fitting front, quite suitable for sports.

### Hats for All Occasions.

No woman can look her best if she feels that her hat is unsatisfactory or lacking in style, but with a Glenster hat there is never any risk of this. These distinctive hats are sold by all leading milliners, and are suitable for every occasion. What could be more becoming than the champagne-coloured crinoline straw pictured on this page? The brim is bordered with ribbon, and the crown ornamented with a big reddish rose, shaded leaves, and wheat. Coarse red straw, the



A Glenster hat of coarse red straw with three dyed pheasant's feathers round the crown.

brim of which is underlined with navy-blue straw, forms another hat. This has three dyed pheasant feathers, red, green, and yellow, round the crown. The pull-on moufflon hat will be delightful to wear with a sporting costume. The one sketched here is old-rose in colour, very flexible, and the ribbon which trims it is brightened with a touch of gold. Soft green straw, with a draped crown and mushroom brim, makes another attractive hat; this is trimmed with ribbon of the same shade, with a hint of silver gleaming from the under side. There are Glenster hats for fair weather or rain, garden parties or sports—indeed, every circumstance has been remembered.

### The Charmeuse Jumper.

Charmeuse is a much-favoured fabric, for it makes the most delightful frocks and jumpers. Soft and easy to drape, it falls into graceful folds, and Derry and Toms, Kensington High Street, have used it for the jumper depicted here. It will be noticed that the sleeves are long, the neck V-shaped, and it is embroidered with steel beads. This jumper can be obtained in black or colours. The hand-made blouse is in grey crêpe-de-Chine, and entirely mounted with embroidery bars. The roll-collar is embroidered with pastel-blue silk, and the price is 79s. 6d. No woman can do without a well-



Derry and Toms have used larkspur-blue charmeuse embroidered with steel beads for the jumper, while the grey crêpe-de-Chine blouse is embroidered with pastel-blue silk.

cut shirt, and there are many different shapes in super schappe, plain or lace-trimmed, from 14s. 9d. Knitted silk jumpers in all shades and many styles can be obtained from 39s. 6d.

(Continued overleaf.)



Delightful  
Camera  
Studies  
of  
Miss Molly  
Burton

in her  
Spring

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## WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

## The Knitted Costume.

Every woman will acknowledge that the knitted costume is a real blessing. Warm without being cumbersome, it is equally suitable for sports or ordinary wear, while the beautiful shades that can be indulged in are a joy to the woman with an eye to an original colour-scheme. Swan and Edgar, Regent Street and Piccadilly Circus, are responsible for the suit pictured on this page. It is carried out in fine white wool, and the loose coat, which has a brushed effect, is striped with orange and black. The pockets on the skirt are striped, and the coat is bound with white silk. A knitted suit in cinnamon brown wool, of the dinner-jacket style, is bound with silk braid, and the price is 6½ guineas. The cape-coat and skirt is another delightful garment. This is carried out in grey-blue wool, trimmed with uncut blue wool fringe.—The Parisian hat depicted was sketched at



A charming hat of black tulle and straw trimmed with curled paradise. Sketched at Swan and Edgar's.



The coat of this white knitted costume is striped with orange and black and bound with white silk. Sketched at Swan and Edgar's.

Swan and Edgar's, and is carried out in black tulle and straw. The double brim is of tulle bound with taffetas, and round the straw crown is a mount of curled paradise.

## Sports Skirts and Country Coats.

At this time of the year, when the country is calling to one and all to come out and enjoy the budding woods, it is necessary to replenish our wardrobes. Nothing looks more out of place in the country than town clothes, so Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street and Oxford Street, have designed some delightful garments that will be most useful for sports, too. The loose-fitting coat in mustard-coloured French flannel sketched has a very high collar that can be worn open or closed. It is trimmed in the front with tabs of brown-and-white check, and is also piped with this material; the price is 10½ guineas. The skirt is made of the same material, and can be bought separately for £5 18s 6d., is mounted on a yoke of check, and bound at the hem with this material. There are many other sports skirts—pleated checks for 5 guineas; and some in plain and fancy fabrics, buttoned right down one side, for 5½ guineas. A long plaid wrap coat, with a comfortable collar, can be obtained for 11½ guineas; while another coat, in flame-coloured French velour, with a roll collar, is 5½ guineas. All these skirts and coats can be made in many different colours.

[Continued on page xii.]



RENE MAUDE.

The plaid skirt—which can be obtained in several different shades—is delightful for sports; the mustard-coloured costume is ideal for the country. Sketched at Marshall and Snelgrove's.